

# SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

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## SUMMER RECREATION.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

(Continued from p. 247.)

THE only thing with which one can possibly find fault in an English landscape, is the infrequency of poor men's houses. If this arose from there being few poor men, one would never miss them, but rejoice in the garden-like perfection to which ordinary farms are brought in this land so favoured by heaven. But as the idea of swarms of starving men and women can never be far off while we are studying England, we cannot help remembering that the very beauty of what we are admiring in the rural districts, is owing to the fact that a poor farmer cannot buy an acre of all this abundant soil, but must either toil on it as the dependant of another, or betake himself with his family to some stifled, seething manufacturing town, to swell the crowd of pale faces, and anxious, failing hearts, that make up a very different picture there. This farming-land is in the hands of stewards, whose business it is to have them kept in the highest order, at the lowest possible rate; and the labourers who do the work at this rate, are not so unlike the serfs of Russia in position, character, or mental illumination, as could be wished. Try to talk with one of them, and, as far as you can understand his barbarous jargon, you will find him half machine, half savage; trained to perform certain things for the benefit of his master, but as to the rest, a mere animal, mind and soul being out of reach, if not extinct. A more stupid creature does not exist, even in Africa; but his employer, or rather owner, is a highly educated, and, perhaps, very elegant gentleman, spending his time and money in London, Paris, or Rome, showing the world what a fine race peoples

the little island, and passing for a fair specimen of its inhabitants! The arguments brought up in excuse for this state of things are that there *must* be a servile class, or there can be no highly cultivated class; that the labourers are very happy, having enough food, and not knowing or caring for anything better than mere animal enjoyment, etc. It does not require to be an enthusiast to look upon such reasoning with horror. Man insults his Maker when he dares, even in theory, to parcel out human destinies on such principles. If the theory were not as weak and shallow as it is wicked; if it were indeed necessary to decide between the high cultivation of a few and the debasement of the many, and a general diffusion of advantages, which should place all upon a level, in point of intellectual light, what we know of the character and laws of the eternal Providence, would bind us to relinquish the effort at partialism, and to offer to every individual soul the knowledge necessary for the development of whatever natural powers he might possess. The gift of an immortal soul is man's ticket of admission to whatever earth or heaven affords of good, and the effort to bring that soul to its highest capability, the duty of each man to himself and his neighbour. To climb to eminence by making stepping-stones of as many human beings as may be necessary,—and to turn them into stones for the purpose,—what a plan!

This partiality is never absent from the mind of the American travelling in England, and it is not easy for him to restrain all expression of a thought, which mingles with all

the admiration which he cannot but feel at sight of so much beauty, wealth, industry, intelligence, and refinement. By some English hearers, an allusion to the enormous difference of position between the higher and lower classes is received with ill-disguised contempt. "These vulgar Americans, who can endure, because they are accustomed to it, the presence of the low, must not expect us to sympathize with their desire to reduce us to their level," so say aristocratic eyes, sometimes. But there are English people, in whose hearts the thought presses with an intolerable weight; people who mourn over the wretched condition of millions, whom industry cannot protect from abject poverty, or virtue redeem from misery. Honour to those who, though born into this state of things are yet able to resist its influence, and who acknowledge the bonds of human fellowship stronger than those of conventional selfishness. They will yet save their country, for their whispers are more audible than the clamour of the crowd, even now!

The chief glory of Exeter is its cathedral, a grand old monument of the piety of past ages, when it was natural to express ideas in stone. It stands nearly in the centre of the city, surrounded with venerable trees, and offering an image of deep repose in exquisite contrast with the bustle of common life around it. We attended service in the choir, and heard some truly excellent music, for which the church is famous just now. It seems to be customary to train boys to sing in churches, for a dissenting clergyman told us that his congregation never could retain a boy who was known to sing well, since he was sure to be bought off by the cathedral. There is something strangely sweet in this cathedral chanting. Whether it be the boys' voices, or the immense arched vault above, or the long and careful training, or the rich harmonies of the old composers,—the effect is delicious. We listened in thorough forgetfulness of everything else, through the choral part of the service; and even the intoned part is not displeasing to the ear, although to some of us it had rather a Romish sound, which the long hood, lined with scarlet, hanging from the shoulders of the officiating clergyman, did not help to counteract. The dean was in his stall, but a younger person read prayers, whose eyes were busy in every part of the place, while his lungs gave forth a sound of rather dolorous devotion. We could not but think that intoning should be taught to the eyes too, for these contradictions disturb one's reverence a good deal. This cathedral service is performed thrice every day,—at seven in the morning, at eleven and at three, and there was a tolerable attendance from the town every time. It was pleasant to see many old men there. Men go

to church more in England than at home—why?

We told the little maid who met us in the morning that we wished to ascend the tower. "That's sixpence!" said she, with an air half hope, half fear, at the mention of so considerable a penalty. She gave us the keys with great alacrity, but did not think it necessary to accompany us, as there was nothing that we could by any possibility abstract or injure. The view from the top is lovely indeed, which, perhaps accounts for the steps being almost worn away. Exeter stands on an eminence in a valley,—a situation resembling that of Williams College in Massachusetts, and particularly favourable to healthfulness, comfort, and beauty. The surrounding country is as rich as possible, and much varied in outline.

The cathedral contains some curious monuments to saints and warriors, divines and noble ladies of former days. If we may believe their inscriptions, the neighbourhood must for ages have been blest with an unusual amount of goodness, courage, and public spirit. But among all the dead, we found no memorial of Jonathan Dymond, who lived and died here, and who left behind him a work, which, though unpraised in Exeter cathedral, will secure him a name among England's benefactors. We have even reason to doubt whether the belligerent bishop ever read this production of his diocese, but its principles are gaining ground in England much faster than his. Dymond's *Moral Philosophy* is fast superseding Paley's, which, up to the time when the Quaker linen-draper of Exeter put forth his simple deductions from the gospel, found general acceptance. It is in use in schools and even colleges, both in England and the United States, and will continue to make its way by its merits as fast as these are made known.

We were more disposed to pay our respects at the shrine of this uncanonized saint than at any other; and we sought out the survivors of his family, that we might at least tell them how highly Dymond's *Essays*, including his *Essay on War*, are esteemed in America. We found his brother, who is among the most esteemed and trusted citizens of Exeter, surrounded by his family, consisting of his wife and six daughters—two sons being absent. We were glad to hear there were sons to keep up the honoured name; for the moralist's only son died soon after his father. A daughter survives, who is married, and living near London. We were received with great friendliness, and found our host well-informed as to American affairs, and interested in all our great questions, as, indeed, all intelligent English people are. They could tell us but little of the deceased brother, for his virtue was of that kind which is rather

felt than described—it consisted rather in perfection of character than in striking deeds; as much in enduring as in performing. He suffered much, and for two years before his death, was prohibited from speaking. A life of silence to one who was full of thought, must have been hard! Yet how he profited by it! A certain gardener has discovered that to cut a ring of bark from a fine branch loaded with fruit, so as to stop the circulation, is the way to ripen the fruit suddenly, and bring it to great perfection; but the limb dies immediately after it has done its work. So did Dymond after his two years of silence, and the production of his essays. To have done one's work at thirty-two, is much;—how many leave it unfinished at four-score!

We wished to see something more of the south of England; so we set out from Exeter on the outside of a four-horse coach, for Dorchester, some fifty-six miles, and, as our landlady at the Clarence informed us, "orrid hup illy!" But as speed was not our object, we made no demur at the hills, which are smooth enough to make up for their length, and command the most charming prospects. But it must be confessed that riding outside has its disagreeables, for one of the ladies of our party being much annoyed by tobacco-smoke, it was hinted to a well-dressed person who sat enjoying his cigar directly before her; upon which he replied that he was sorry she was so delicate, and went on smoking as before. When we talk of civilization, we must remember that in the backwoods of the United States no man of decent appearance could be found, who would be capable of any rudeness to a woman.

We had become somewhat tired before we dashed down a hill into Dorchester, a market-town or city; the chief recommendation of which, is that railroads proceed from it. When we tried to visit its church, we were caught in a shower, and made no effort to see the Roman castrum, of which the inhabitants boast as the finest relic of the kind in England. We went the next morning to Southampton, and from there to Salisbury, a charming old cathedral town, more quiet than Exeter; indeed, cathedral all over. One could rave about such old places; but this is always incomprehensible and provoking to those who have never seen them, so it is more prudent to refrain. If Exeter cathedral is charming, standing in the midst of bustle, Salisbury is still more so, retired within its grand, solemn enclosure, a green carpet of many acres all round it, softening every sound, and immense trees, that seem coeval with the towers, casting their heavenly gloom about the place. The position of the Cathedral, Baptistery, and Leaning Tower at Pisa, has received almost as much praise as

the buildings themselves; but this is far superior in extent and magnificence, and it is kept in exquisite order, English order, in short, which includes all that can be said. The interior is very beautiful, perhaps even more so than that of Exeter; but the monuments are less numerous and interesting, the situation is very damp, and the great spire has settled somewhat, but is supposed now to be permanently secured, though it is far out of the perpendicular.

Here, as at Exeter, we visited the Bishop's palace and gardens, which are such as to make us wonder that bishops should ever incur censure by non-residence. They are perfect paradises of beauty and quiet; without cumbrous splendour, yet of ample dignity and elegance. Lord John Russell said the other day in Parliament, on the occasion of some question touching the income of the bishops, that it was much to be regretted that their houses had ever been called palaces, since there were many people who supposed them to be just like Buckingham Palace, whereas they are generally only ordinary gentlemen's residences. They are certainly most enviable residences, and we should be inclined to doubt whether any large proportion of English gentlemen, even, enjoy those of equal extent and grandeur.

From Salisbury we wished to visit Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, and accordingly ordered a carriage for the excursion, first taking the Yankee precaution of asking what it was to cost, though it is said that Americans are rather noted in England for refraining from this, through pride and a fear of being supposed to care what they spend. Having no ambition to secure the respect of our hostess of the White Hart, by an appearance of wealth, we made a distinct agreement with her as to what her contribution to our three hours' pleasure was to cost, and set out accordingly, with a rather intelligent coachman (for England), and a tolerably easy barouche, for Wilton and Bemerton, the beautiful road through which we drove, with its picturesque thatched cottages being counted as nothing. At Wilton House we found a portly housekeeper, who was very obliging, and told us many little personal traits of the family, whom she represented as truly excellent. The house is splendid, and the collection valuable, though not particularly rich. Family portraits by Vandyke, form the most precious part of it. The pleasantest room is the library, with its immense bay window looking out upon such grounds as no country in the world but England can show, with the rare additional grace of Cedars of Lebanon, which look as if they must have grown upon their proper earth, and been transported hither after the fashion of



the chapel of Loretto. The Earl of Pembroke, to whom all this beauty and magnificence belongs, chooses to live in Paris, and his brother, the Hon. Sidney Herbert, M. P., occupies Wilton, with his family. He has lately built a very beautiful church at Wilton, which he presented to the inhabitants, who are never tired of praising both the gift and the giver. We did not see it, preferring to give our remaining time to the church of George Herbert, at Bemerton, the humblest of thatched villages, in a nook between Wilton and Salisbury.

Bemerton church might stand in the state drawing-room at Wilton House, steeple and all, with a twin by its side,—at least the house-keeper said the room was a double cube of thirty feet, and the church does not look half as large, or near as high. It is indeed the smallest of churches, and everything about it, within and without, is as plain as when George Herbert officiated there, though it has been repaired at least once since his time, and the wooden part is not the same. It was not the fashion in those days for ministers to be called to other parishes as soon as they were found to be useful in their own; and the good man and sweet poet lived and died here, content and quiet as any nobody. We were kindly allowed to see the parsonage, too,—a thatched cottage, but within a charming little residence, not so stately as the Bishop's palace, but with much elegance of its own, and a bay window, à l'anglaise, looking out upon a great lovely lawn, that slopes down to the river, bordered with flower-beds, and screened at the bottom by hazels and chestnuts. The lawn would probably contain the whole of Bemerton, which is the oddest little bunch of thatches that can be, like a toy village made for some fancy fair, and peopled by just such grotesque old men, women, and bumpkins, as young (and elderly) ladies make out of beeswax, card, and rags, with Madeira-nut faces, for the inhabitants of such villages.

On our return to the White Hart, we prepared for departure, and ordered the bill, which was presented and paid, with many smiles and bows from those concerned. When all was over, the landlady said, "Five shillings for the coachman, if you please." Five shillings! and after all our precautions against surprise of this kind.

"But did we not expressly agree upon the cost of the excursion?"

"For the carriage, but not for the driver."

"Nothing was said about the driver."

"But of what use would your carriage have been to us without a driver?"

"O, it's always customary to pay the driver—it's an English custom."

Whereupon one of the company took the liberty to remark that it was a very dishonest custom,—not much to the landlady's satisfaction. After this demand was paid, a rough-looking fellow came scraping into the room. "Carriage, if you please."

"What! more carriage! What now?"

"I washed the carriage, if you please."

So he was paid for washing the carriage. As we were nearing the front door, an individual in a red jacket presented himself.

"Boots, if you please."

"But Boots, we have had nothing to do with you!"

But Boots was nevertheless to be paid for doing nothing, and our only resource was to hurry away as fast as possible, lest all our money should be left at the White Hart, Salisbury.

It is certainly never worth while to make a fuss to the loss of one's temper about these things, but it seems none the less incumbent on the traveller to protest against them on the spot, since it is only by the force of public opinion, that they can ever be rectified. We took pains to explain to the mistress of this hotel, who seemed a decent woman enough, that it was not the amount, but the manner, of her charges, that displeased us; that if she had chosen to make her bill much larger, we should have paid it as a matter of course. What we said was evidently not without its effect, and we may hope to have done something towards a more honourable treatment of future travellers. The best remedy for all these abuses, however, will be a Murray for England, if it ever comes, after many years of promise. A good guide-book in the hand of the traveller, is the very best protection against imposition and ill-usage of every kind at hotels. Travelling on the continent has become delightful, under Murray's auspices; every hotel-keeper knowing that his living depends upon the reputation he may earn with the public. It remains, indeed, to be proved, whether Murray will be as impartial and free-spoken with regard to England as elsewhere. Perhaps an American guide-book for England would be better than any other, and the field is quite open, for Black's is not much better than none at all.

From Salisbury back to Southampton by rail, and not to Stonehenge, though it is down on every note-book as one of the must-be's. On the spot one gets discouraged, the drive is long, and when you reach the dreary spot, you say, "Is that all?" So we were assured by those who had done their duty in this direction. A great, bare, open plain, with some huge stones on it, can be easily imagined, especially as Southampton and Salisbury abound in models



in plaster, wood, cork, terra-cotta, and what-not. So we saved our time and money for "stones in order, fitly set," far more charming to our American eyes, than any rough stones whatsoever.

Southampton has its Bevis and Ascapart, on an old gate in the middle of the main street, but not much else that is interesting. We tried in vain to find a paper by means of which to discover whether our beloved Southampton with sails, had worked her way as far as Portsmouth, in the dead calm during which we had been exploring the southern counties; and when we declined buying one a week old, the man of the shop abused us until we were glad to run out of hearing. One likes to fall among civilized people.

The anniversary of the Queen's coronation occurred while we were at Portsmouth, and oddly enough there was a request from the authorities there and elsewhere, in the form of handbills pasted up everywhere, that the shops should be closed and business suspended. The people had evidently no idea of doing anything of the kind, but upon being thus entreated to be merry, they put on their Sunday clothes, and went wandering about, especially on railways, which by way of aiding the general rejoicing, took passengers at half-price, "for that occasion only." The not very hearty aspect of this festival was still further damped by a shower which fell just as people had sallied forth in their best array; but no Englishman goes next door without an umbrella, and no Englishwoman without a fur tippet, so we may hope no remediless colds were caught.

It is rather a long ferry from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight, especially in an English ferry-boat, which is the most ingeniously uncomfortable machine yet invented for the transportation of human beings who have been convicted of no crime. It is very small, with deck lumbered with every conceivable obstruction and annoyance, no cabin for passengers, nor even an awning under the hottest sun; and the ropes are so intermingled with feet, skirts, umbrellas, and carpet-bags, that no manœuvre can be accomplished without disturbing somebody. But the funniest part of all is that the passengers are treated as if they were unexpected intruders, who were usurping space intended for other purposes! Really, the air with which one is ordered hither and thither, makes you feel as if you were being carried for charity, although you are soon undeceived in this respect by being called upon to pay amply for all these sour looks and gruff tones. John Bull growls even when you give him money, and far worse if you do not, and it is impossible to come to any understanding with him by which you may avoid arousing his

ill-temper. On the present occasion, as there was a great crowd going with return tickets, he was rather crosser than usual, and we were very glad to find ourselves at Ryde, although there was a tedious pier to be crossed in the sun before we could reach the Ventnor coach.

Outside places on the Ventnor coach, on a delicious afternoon! Nobody can understand what that means, who has not had our experience. Coach, and horses, and road of England's best, and the Isle of Wight and the sea to look at!

Ah! dear reader, the next time you are tempted to new furnish your parlours, or buy yourself an India shawl, or spend the summer at the springs, just try the Ventnor coach, sea-voyage included, instead. Take a London packet, in the month of June, and when she drops you at Portsmouth or thereabouts, after fifteen days' sea-breeze, cross over to Ryde, and seat yourself just where we were seated, on the backmost seat, out of the way of getters-down and getters-up, and enjoy! It is in vain to talk about the Isle of Wight, because everybody knows it is a succession of pictures from end to end. The Queen of England knew it, when she fixed her residence there; not in the most beautiful part, it is true; but where the whole island is accessible to her in a few hours, and where she can go yachting and fishing when she likes. An old boatman told us he had had her in the very boat he was rowing us in, fishing, for hours. "Poor little lady," he added, "I danna why ony one should want to 'urt 'er! She don't do nobody no harm!" This was a day or two after that poor lunatic, Robert Pate, struck her with a rattan; a very fortunate blow for her, for it called into activity that personal, half-chivalric feeling, which is all she has to depend upon for her hold upon her people. Although the English people hate the aristocracy with a perfect hatred, they cling to the idea of a monarchy, and would die for their queen as the representative of that idea; as to esteem for her, they have obviously very little. She is well understood to be a person of very limited intellect, not wholly sane at present, and liable to complete aberration as she grows older.

We approach Ventnor through scenes of enchantment, such as young eyes see when they first drink in the wonders of the stage. Every variety of picturesque cottage, villa, garden, cliff, shore, ocean, mountain, gorge, and sunny valley, beautifies the way, and the town itself grows against the side of a perpendicular wall of rock, which shields it from the north, while the whole south looks in at its front windows, where the tenderest plants flourish at all seasons. The best possible use has been made of these advantages of position. Every house has

its garden and its wilderness of sweets, its vine-hung lattice, and its gay parterre. To be sure, it is rather mundane to hang above these felicities the frequent notice "Apartments to let;" but it was not the fashionable season when we were there, and we must suppose these placards to be only proofs of the disinterested desire of the inhabitants, that so much sweetness should not be wasted.

The Royal Hotel is better than its name. It is in a style half French half English, and excellently kept. A long porch, all hung with roses and geraniums, looks out upon a lawn which slopes toward the sea, and on this porch opens a whole row of glass doors belonging to a whole row of pretty sitting-rooms, in one of which, we took our tea, with strawberries as large as lady-apples, speaking moderately. English strawberries have no reference to the proverb of not making two bites of a cherry, for hardly anybody's mouth is elastic enough to take in a whole one at once unless for a wager. That every bit of the white substance of this chewable fruit is as deliciously flavoured as the little strawberry of our woods it were rash to assert; but really, take them for what they are, they are not to be found fault with.

It must not be disguised that Ventnor, charming as it is, is a very watering-place, with greedy shopkeepers, showy lodgings, bathing machines, boats to let, wooden spades for children to dig in the sand with, and an unusual proportion of undertakers, whose ominous signs stare on you from every corner. We forbore to ask what was to be inferred from this, because the people seemed in low spirits, and had a good deal the air of bulbs in winter. If we had seen them in their glory, with their signs taken down, their rooms filled with honourables, and their bathing machines in full see-saw, we should certainly have gone into some investigation, as to whether most undertakers come where there are most people, or whether Ventnor is to be considered as affording the best chance for an enterprising man in this line of business. Next in profitableness we should rank the shops which, in the wild West, would be called variety-stores, filled with a contribution, one would suppose, from every shop in London, where second-rate articles (speaking charitably) are sold, all offered at prices which the holders declare absurdly cheap, while the questioner think them absurd enough, but not on that side. These magazines of trumpery are so much alike everywhere, that it would be impossible to tell, if taken into one blind-fold, whether it was at Interlaken, Baden-Baden, Ventnor, or twenty other cash-traps. The first one we see generally proves very seducing, the last anything else.

We drove through the centre of the island in returning, but did not see the regular lion, Carisbrooke Castle, which has been so long in the menagerie that it has lost all its spirit. The whole Isle of Wight is far better worth seeing than any part of it, even though that part be the Queen's favourite home of Osborne House, which, however, is not exhibited to the world, her Majesty having a decided and hereditary dislike to being chased into a corner by the public. The house, which is a picturesque castellated modern villa, of moderate size, is seen to the best advantage from the Solent, near the shore of which it is situated, a little to the east of Seymour Castle, a much finer edifice, outwardly, which the Queen would have purchased in preference, but that the domain was too small. It has lately been bought as a speculation by somebody, a transaction which may end in spoiling Osborne House as a retreat for royalty.

From Portsmouth to Brighton, along the coast, is pretty well for railway. But Brighton! how can people bear to stay there, if an inch of unspoiled coast be attainable, within a hundred miles, for bathing. A stone town pushed into the water, without one attribute of nature, even so much as a tree, left about it; the public promenade a straight pier where unhappy shoes crunch gravel, while still more unhappy eyes wander among bathing-machines, bathing women, bathing-patients, and invalids wheeling along at most melancholy pace in bath chairs; while the wind is blowing off everybody's curls, except those fastened by the hand of nature, or—a very expert coiffeur.

That architectural triumph, the pavilion, seems to have been placed as far from the ocean as might be, and built of very low stature, so that the sea could not possibly be seen from any of its windows. Somebody has well compared it to a salver set out with old-fashioned tea-pots and sugar-bowls; and the authorities of Brighton having purchased it, there are rumours of its grounds being turned into a tea garden, perhaps to carry out the resemblance. The grounds are really pretty, and as they are thrown open to the public, may do something towards preventing the hearts of the Brighton-hunters from ossifying under the influence of the stony hardness of the place. *Au reste*, this a clean-enough town, and has plenty of civil policemen, who direct you to any particular point of its ugliness with great alacrity. The greatest merit of Brighton, however, is that it is less than an hour and a half from London; and as we had a fair and gentle afternoon for the trip, we accomplished it with great satisfaction.

(To be continued).

## ESTHER.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

(See Engraving.)

ESTHER,—the orphan Jewish maid,  
Of spirit so serene,  
Beauty so rare, and soul so staid,  
That she was chosen queen,—  
Came forth, with will made resolute  
By duty and by prayer,  
To show the king her people's suit,  
And her own safety dare.

Arrayed in her apparel white,  
And robes of queenly grace,  
With dove-like eyes of mournful light,  
And innocent fair face,  
Within the inner court she stood;  
Timid, abashed, yet strong  
To plead a cause so just and good,  
As her own nation's wrong.

And when the king, who sat in state  
Upon his royal throne,  
Saw Esther standing near the gate,  
He said, in gracious tone,  
(For she found favour in his eye,  
And homage in his breast,)  
"What wilt thou, Esther, queen, draw nigh,  
Say, what is thy request?"

The golden sceptre in his hand  
He stretched for her defence,  
And she drew near at that command  
With humble reverence.  
Then gently urged he once again,  
"What wilt thou, queen, of me?  
E'en to the half of my domain  
It shall be granted thee."

"If I've found favour in thy sight,  
And if it please the king,  
Let my life and my people's right—  
To the fond prayer I bring—

Be given me; for we are sold,  
All Jews, of every grain,  
Children and women, young and old,  
To be destroyed and slain.

"And let the letters be reversed,  
Which were devised by one  
Who fain would see God's Israel cursed,  
God's worshippers undone;  
For how can I endure to see  
The evil that shall come  
On the land of our captivity,  
My father's father's home?"

And Esther poured forth all her fears,  
And fell down at his feet,  
And besought the king with many tears,  
The wicked plot to meet,  
The mischievous device to launch  
Upon the heads who planned  
To pluck and ruin, root and branch,  
A people from the land.

Then greatly moved was the king;  
And to Mordecai the Jew  
He gave his precious signet-ring,  
And commanded him to do  
The queen's good pleasure for the Jews;  
"Write ye unto them all,  
In every province, the good news,  
Their enemies shall fall."

Then met the Jews their foes in fight,  
Armed by the king's decree;  
Strengthened by truth and God's own might,  
They gained the victory.  
Thus light and honour, joy and rest,  
Instead of grief and care,  
Were poured into a nation's breast,  
By Esther's earnest prayer.

## TO MR. CARLYLE.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

SAGE cynic Carlyle. "cut and come again."

Be bold, we dwell in flesh, put on the lash;  
But pray excuse us, till we feel the pain,  
From roaring Oh! to warn thee thou art rash.  
Tough Jonathan no woman is, nor swoons,  
Till Hurt bites through his boots and pantaloons.  
Thou great self-twisted, crabbed, gnarled and bent,  
What dost thou mean by telling us our shores  
Are populous with "eighteen million bores?"  
Or do we spell amiss thy true intent,  
Which might have been an awkward compliment?  
For, since Time was, our earth did never ken  
Such bores,—such borers, as our Yankee men.  
Sir, we are "nothing else," and pround to say  
That we are penetrative every way.  
Through deserts, forests, mountains, we have sent  
Ploughs, rifles, picks, across a continent.  
Of distant ports, unpierced, are few or none;  
Even El Dorado we have dug upon.  
We bore, for love or gain, the antipodes—

Even now, for thy lost Star, the Arctic seas.  
All tools we use, that time and chance allot,  
From patent schemes, to patent guns and shot;  
But always boring, never augering ill,  
Unless the bore run out against our will—  
Thou hast us there—But thou dost ask us, too,  
What "Fact" we have developed, great and new.  
Oh! hard propounder!—admirable Sphinx!—  
Stone-headed Image, that so deeply thinks!—  
Eyes, that no wave the mirrored heavens could show,  
Profoundly set upon the sands below!  
Our eyes can only answer with a stare,  
That ache to see an *old* thing any where.  
One *fact*, indeed, we have not yet educed:  
A wit approved that England has abused.  
England we love, whose venerable stones  
Are kept and cherished o'er our fathers bones;  
And shot at, though we be, from that gray Isle,  
At "paper bullets of the brain" we smile—  
At least, we scarce, again, shall dodge Carlyle.



## A YEAR AT AMBLESIDE.

NOVEMBER.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

IF this is the gloomiest month of the year throughout the British Islands, it is eminently so in our district; at least the latter half of it, when St. Martin's Summer is over, and the wintry gales and floods come upon us. It is our fever month; and the fever is very threatening this year. Of all the men in the place, of those who could least be spared, John Newton was first down in it. He was to have come to me about some Building Society business, but sent one of the children to say that he was unwell, and must keep his bed for that day, but hoped to come on the next. He did not, however. In my walk before daylight, I did not now, as usual, meet him going forth, apparatus in hand, to sweep a neighbour's chimney; or, playing with his rule, evidently meditating some building scheme. I used to think him the most active man in the place, by the way in which he went forth in the morning—cheerful, wide-awake—while some other men moved slowly, as if they cared for the cold; and one, now and then, was so tipsy, that it was mournful to see his attempts to touch his hat to me, and to walk straight while in my sight. At first we were told that Newton had caught cold; but it came out in time that he had been out hunting, and that implies conviviality after the sport. It was soon evident that it would be weeks before he could leave his bed. At the same time, Edward H., a young carpenter, lay down in the fever; and for thirteen weeks his mother and sister were watching him night and day, getting little rest but in an easy-chair, during all that time. It was very affecting to hear the poor fellow in his delirium, incessantly talking of the sanitary matters on which he and his neighbours had been receiving new knowledge. May that new knowledge do something for us before another year; for our state this year is terrible. In D.'s, the fishmonger's, low, damp cottage, the children are down in scarlet fever; and there are four cases of fever in houses next the churchyard—cases with which the surgeon declares he can do nothing. In two of the houses, the lower rooms have to be shut up on account of the putrid dribble from the burial-ground which trickles down the walls. If we, who live in airy, dry houses,

built on the rock, our wells always swimming with the sweetest water, feel some depression from the gloom and heaviness of the season, what must it be to those who are spending the passing weeks in the sick room!

It is good to cheer ourselves with out-door spectacles as long as the Martinmas Summer allows. The grand spectacle of the season is the Martinmas hiring—the half-yearly engagement of farm-servants, both lads and lasses. Those who wish to be hired, stand about the market-cross, with a sprig of green, or a straw in their mouths. The days are short now; but before it is dusk, the young women move off to see the shops,—a grand sight, however few they be, to the dwellers in the dales. The young men follow them; and now begins the great match-making of the year. Each youth invites his sweetheart to the dancing-room, and plies her with cake, and punch or wine, little regarding the expenditure of his half-year's wages in such a cause. Jealous quarrels, and sometimes desperate fights take place in the intervals of the dancing; and it is said that the women fight sometimes almost as well as the men, when on behalf of a lover. Strange and fearful as this appears, we must remember how rare are these occasions of excitement, and that the monotony of a year, or at least of a half-year, has to be worked off this night. There is little doubt that some weddings will follow; but for many months, only unbroken dullness has preceded.

On occasion of such meetings as these, offenders against domestic morals are liable to be punished by a sentence of public opinion. Unfaithful husbands and wives, and men who beat their wives, are made to ride the stang. The stang is the pole on which loads are hung, when carried on men's shoulders. It is the ancient "cowl-staff." "Where is the cowl-staff?" cries Mrs. Ford, one of the Merry Wives of Windsor, when about to despatch Sir John Falstaff to his ducking among the dirty clothes, in the ditch on Datchet Mead. Delinquent husbands here have as much cause to dread the stang as the fat knight. They are liable to be hoisted on it among the savage jeers of the crowd, and to be carried through

and through the town, till they are half dead with shame and fear. It is a terrible sight, this punishment by lynch-law in our old-fashioned district. If the coward who beats his wife, succeeds in hiding himself, a substitute is placed on the stang, who incessantly proclaims, in a ribald rhyme, that it is not himself who is the delinquent, and who it is that he represents. This is, perhaps, our greatest barbarism. There is another which revolts one's feelings too; but it is common throughout the kingdom, and may be said to be borrowed from London:—the Guy Fawkes celebration, on the fifth of this month. Those who are busiest in the preparation for it, probably know least what it means; and it is to be hoped that those who have most reason to know—the Catholic residents—care less for it than some of their Protestant neighbours do on their account. To boys, and other holiday-lovers, Pope-day (as they sometimes call it), is a funny holiday, with a bonfire at the end of it. For some time before, we have to look to our fences, our old trees, our outside shutters, our palings, our wood-piles; for keen eyes are on the lookout for drooping branches, hedge-stakes, loose pales, unhinged shutters, unprotected casks, and everything that will burn. Such booty is secreted, and watched as hidden treasure. On the morning of the 5th of November, we meet a Guy here and there, in all frequented places—a boy dressed up in paper ruffles, and paper mitre, old clothes, and a horrible mask, with a dark-lantern in one hand, and a spread bundle of matches in the other—all ready for blowing up the King and the Parliament, little as he knows about either. Some people give half-pence, and somebody always bestows a tar-barrel. As soon as it is dark, the gentle little Catholic lady who lives just outside my gate, and the kind-hearted Catholic gentleman on the other side of the valley, who does some helpful act for somebody every day of the year, may hear the far-off shouts of the crowds who are met to light the bonfire. If they look out, they may see the bright flame on three or four conspicuous points of the high-grounds, looking yellow under the silver stars, or turning the November fog into a ruddy, rolling cloud. If I were a clergyman or schoolmaster, I would take this matter in hand, explain to the people how terrible the story of the Gunpowder Plot really was, how much too serious to have ever become a jest and a festival, and how fit now to be practically forgotten in our intercourse with our Catholic neighbours, and out of respect for their feelings. It would be an excellent thing if we could transfer the merrymaking to the date of Catholic emancipation; but I fear that even yet our society is not able generally to enter into the full enjoyment of that great

event. Leaving such scenes, there are still tranquil pleasures to be had as winter is about to lower on our mountain tops. One of the most interesting spectacles in the high uplands, is a Sunday harvesting, here and there. I never saw this anywhere else; and in this region it appears a remarkable exception to the general strictness of observance. This month of November, was called by our Saxon ancestors, wind month; and there are special winds which the husbandman has reason to dread, if the weather has compelled him to leave his oats or barley out on the uplands till now; and it seems to be granted among us that a genial day is not to be lost because it happens to be Sunday.

I have said that this is the wind month of the Saxons. In some parts of this district we have a wind of our own; on the signs of which, the husbandmen in certain valleys keep a careful watch. This is the celebrated local gale called the Helm wind, which comes to us over Cross Fell. The mildest breath of east wind ascending the fell which bounds us on the east, becomes cooled when it enters the cap or helm of the mountains, and rushes down to displace the warmer air of the valleys to the west. It roars fearfully in the fissures and ravines of the range; but the great conflict has to come. When it becomes rarefied by the warmth it finds at a certain distance down the slopes, it begins to rush aloft again, encounters the current from the west, discharges the moisture it carries on again reaching the cold region, and thus presents the appearance of a singular sky. The sudden cloud it emits (called the Helm Bar), seems pulled into wisps—indeed, the whole heaven seems pulled into wisps—by the contending currents. In the calmest weather, if it be growing colder, the husbandman casts a glance at the eastern heights, and is easy if all be clear. If, while not a breath of wind seems to be stirring, a little cloud forms on the ridge, and spreads north and south, he says “the Helm is on,” and dreads the event if he has produce out in the fields, or fruit left on his trees. Down comes the blast in a few minutes—here unroofing a house, there whirling away a stack into the air, and scattering its contents far and wide, tearing up trees by the roots, blowing the astonished horseman from his saddle, and upsetting a laden cart into beck or ditch. The Bar sometimes opens, and discloses a stratum of higher clouds, perfectly motionless; while fragments of itself are torn off, and whirled this way and that in the opposing currents. It is said that this wind blows sometimes for nine successive days without a moment's lull; by the end of which time, I should think those who live near its range



must be wellnigh distracted, for its sound is that of a roaring sea. There is a high average of health in the valleys subject to the Helm wind; but the injury done to vegetation is great. People find their spirits rise, they say, under its invigorating influence, even while they see such grain as is out, and the last foliage of the year, turned black and beaten down by this cataract of air.

Stranger tricks than these are played by the elements in a region like ours. Nature sends us spectres to scare the ignorant, and puzzle the wise. Two persons, whose word no one would dispute, once saw on Souterfell, a man with a dog pursuing horses at so prodigious a rate, as to be altogether astounding; and not appearing for a moment only, but traversing the whole length of the mountain, disappearing at the further end. The witnesses agreed that the horses must have cast their shoes in such a gallop, and the man must have broken his wind, and died of the exertion; so they went early the next morning to pick up the horseshoes and the man's body, if they could find it. They found nothing but a range so steep, that neither man nor horse could traverse it at any pace. For a year this incident burdened their minds; when twenty-six more persons were placed in their predicament of witnessing a wholly incredible thing. For upwards of two hours, and till darkness shrouded the fell, troops of horsemen were seen riding along the mountain side, in close ranks, and pretty rapidly; and frequently the last but one in a troop galloped on to the front, and there put himself into line. Everybody knew that the thing could not be real. The supposition which first presented itself was, that this was a refracted and multiplied image of some troop of horsemen, soldiers, or others, who might be riding somewhere within the range of the light. But it never could be ascertained that they were such; and the length of time which elapsed, the two hours occupied by the passage of this equestrian host, would still have remained unaccounted for. The facts were formally attested by a sufficiency of witnesses; and they remain to be explained. Similar appearances among our mountain districts, towards the close of the last century, were confidently pronounced by some pious persons, to be the rebuke of Heaven for our war with America. Others, however, thought we were rebuked enough by a more substantial instrumentality than these aerial armies.

But to revert to commoner incidents of the region and the month,—now is the time to enjoy the last sweetness of sunny rambles before looking for the sublimity of winter. The stillness of the woods is gone. Already the

regular, alternate strokes of the woodmen's axes are heard, succeeded by the crash and shock of the falling tree. In the coppices, the young men are cutting down the underwood which has stood its sixteen years—the oak, ash, alder, birch, and hazel, which must now be brought down for use. Little or no charcoal will be made; for this wood is wanted for the bobbin-mill at Ambleside, where some of the Yorkshire and Lancashire mills are supplied; and for hoops, which will find their way to Liverpool; and for hurdles, and corals, and the peculiar kind of baskets, called twills. When we pass a dwelling which is blessed with an orchard, we may see the inhabitants busy collecting the last of their walnuts, and of their apples, and of the damsons that purple the trees on which they grow. The voices sound cheerful from among the trees, whose yellow leaves come dancing down at every shaking of the air. At regular intervals sounds the flail from within the barn. The fowls are exceedingly busy about the barn-door, while so much grain is scattered about; and the sparrows are on the watch for what they can get. A few more birds are lingering with us, flitting among the hips and haws in the hedges. If we wander on to the spring-heads, or stand to watch the flow of the beck among the stones in its channel, we may see the jerking wag-tails, now perching on a stone, and now actually wading into the coldest water, in search of the maggots which they will never allow to become insects. If we wander further, and enter or coast any of the deer-parks of the district, we shall see the robin perched on some point of the paling, letting the passing air ruffle the scarlet feathers of his breast; and if we look up into the belt of trees, our eyes are met by that somewhat pathetic sight, the deserted nests among the leafless boughs. To the boy, this may be a gay sight, promising the sport of speckled eggs hereafter, and furtive climbing, and all the delights of birdnesting; but to older persons, it is a mournful sight, reminding us of the hushed songs of the vanishing year. The wood-pigeons may, however, be heard on calm days at this season; and also a much more remarkable sound,—the cry of the stag wooing the hind, amidst the thick-fallen leaves in the depths of the wood.

If one mount higher, even to the ridges, while the calm Martinmas weather permits, we may come upon something as interesting as anything the district can disclose,—an assignation of Science with Nature. In the wildest scenes of Nature, Science here finds a quiet field. A rain-gauge is seen on the most desolate spot of the least known ridge, carefully secured against the force of the gales. I know of five such; and I have seen the aged shepherd



who has them in charge, proceeding on his monthly round of visitation. As I watched the tall old man with his staff, passing out of sight on the vast mountain slope, I thought that knowledge and wisdom were as appropriate and beautiful here in the wilderness as anywhere else on earth. These solitudes are no scene for the busy handiwork of man, in their toil for bread and convenience; but neither are they a tomb "where no knowledge or device is found." Alas! these words, sounding in one's mind at the very farthest point of a mountain ramble, carry one's imagination back to the dreary graveyard below, and the sick who are lying all round about it. There was little comfort to be had by hovering about there, and asking how all went on. The mere sight of John Newton's house almost decided his fate, to my expectation, so foul was the stable-yard at the corner of his dwelling, and so did the causes of unhealthiness abound in all its surroundings. Yet it startled me when the surgeon told me that he thought he could not get through: "I will not say that he cannot live," he declared, "but I own I have no expectation of it." It was even so. Clear as his mind was throughout, quiet and tractable as he was in illness, so as to beguile his wife and friends with hopes to the very last, he was cut off in his vigour, arrested in the midst of many schemes, removed from his tribe of nine children, whom he left destitute, and taken from

us just when he had become the most important man in the place, to the general health and improvement. It was a heavy blow to many; and the harder to bear, because there was no natural call to him to die thus early. But for such gross violations of the laws of nature as we are guilty of here, and in most places where men congregate, he would have been living now, and a great misfortune would have been saved to us all. The day of his funeral was most dreary. I went, though the rain was coming down like a waterfall. The procession was long; for the club of Odd Fellows, to which he belonged, all attended, according to custom. I did not like the spirit-drinking on assembling, nor the levity of manner of some of the members,—encouraged, perhaps, by the obligation to attend frequent funerals, as the brethren die off; but it was some comfort to know that by the rules of the Society, the widow and children would not be allowed to come to actual want. I saw the coffin lowered into the putrid hole dug for it, and watched the last of the train away, before I left the sodden churchyard, where he and I had agreed that it was murder to survivors, and a disrespect to the dead, to deposit more corpses. There I left him, with the wintry downpour splashing upon his grave. Since that, my other agent and comrade in sanitary matters, T. C., has sunk; and I hardly know where to turn next. But such bereavements must quicken our zeal.

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## UNREST.

BY EDITH MAY.

Rest for a while! I'm tempest-tossed to-day.  
 Bar out the sunshine. Let importunate life,  
 Beating for ever with impatient hand  
 My soul's closed portals, only rouse within  
 Dim, dreary echoes. In a forest calm  
 Builds Sleep, the white dove. As a bird she rides  
 The lulled waves of the soul. To-day my thoughts  
 Hunt me like hounds; the very prayer for peace  
 Scares peace away; my senses, wide awake,  
 Watch for the touch that thrills them; every sound  
 Falls through the listening air unscaubarded;  
 And if sleep comes, 'tis but a transient dream  
 That flits betwixt me and the light of life,  
 Alighting never.

Oh, sweet chrism of God!

Baptismal font from whence our bodies rise  
 Regenerate, cool wayside shadow flung  
 Over the paths of toll, I am athirst;  
 Strengthen me with thy strength!

Lo! where she stands,  
 Sleep, the beloved, and mocks me with her beauty!  
 Her hands lie clasped around a lamp alight  
 Burning faint incense; from her zone unbound  
 Dark robes trail silently; the poppies wreathed  
 Above her temples, bursting, over-ripe,  
 Drop with her motion. She is fair and calm,  
 But dreams, like cherubs, with bright restless wings,  
 Cling to her sweeping robes. Let her draw near,  
 Laying her dewy lips upon my brow,  
 Twining me with soft movement in her arms,  
 And then shall pass a fluttering through my sense,  
 Leaf-like vibration, and my soul, as one  
 Who drifts out seaward, seeing the dim shore  
 Receding slow, hearing the voice of waves  
 Call to him fainter, shall float guideless on  
 Rocked into slumber; dream effacing dream,  
 Thought widening around thought, till all grows vague.

## LINES.

BY MRS. ELIZA V. BAKER,

LADY OF THE REV. DANIEL BAKER, D. D., OF HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS.

MISS LUCY HULL, of Holly Springs, Mississippi, a young lady of uncommon loveliness, when engaged to be married, and with her splendid bridal dress all prepared, was, to the overwhelming grief of many, cut down, as a new-blown flower, fresh and sparkling with the dew-drops of the morning!

SHE slumbereth long! the young betrothed,  
All in her snowy vesture clothed:  
So soft, so tranquil is her sleep  
That all around dead silence keep;  
Say, do they fear to break her rest?  
Dare they not wake her to be blest?  
To ope her sparkling eyes and meet  
The glance of love, so dear, so sweet?  
The bridegroom all impatience stands,  
Eager to wear the silken bands,  
Which bind him ever to her side,  
His chosen, cherished, beauteous bride!  
The bridal robes lie ready there,  
To deck her lovely form and fair;  
Why wakes she not to be arrayed?  
Why should the bridal be delayed?  
Alas! she ne'er will wake again.  
A dirge, and not a bridal strain,  
Swells through the hall, from whence a bride  
Should soon have issued in her pride;  
A hearse stands ready at the gate,  
To bear her off in solemn state,  
Away to her ancestral tomb,  
"With kindred dust to lay her bloom."  
Oh! scene of grief beyond compare!  
Nor skill, nor love, nor anguished prayer  
Could stay the fell destroyer's power,  
Or put aside the fatal hour!  
Most grievous is it to behold  
The shroud that beauteous form enfold!  
Those flashing eyes for ever sealed,  
Which so much life and love revealed!  
The darling sister-petted child,  
On whom all faces ever smiled;  
But ah! the stricken one of all,

For whom unbidden tears must fall,  
Is he, low bending o'er the dead,  
With whom his fondest hopes have fled!  
Behold his manly form, bent low,  
Crushed by the weight of speechless woe!  
His bitter tears he may not hide,  
They fall like rain-drops on his bride!  
Within those marble fingers pressed  
Upon her cold upheaving breast,  
Mark! the last gift his love bestows,—  
His trembling hand there placed the rose!  
Its broken stem, and drooping head,  
Meet emblem of the lovely dead:  
The last pale rose-bud of the year,  
The last sad gift to one so dear.  
How oft with smiles has she repaid  
The floral offering love hath made;  
With blushing cheek, and laughter gay,  
The language read of each bouquet;  
Now, wet with tears, in silence laid,  
This last, *last* offering love hath made!  
O! 'tis a fearful sight to see  
Stern man like weeping infancy!  
Keen is the barb, and deeply driven,  
By which his fount of tears is riven!  
Thou smitten one, all hearts must feel  
For grief, which God alone can heal!  
Lift up thy tear-dimmed eye, and see  
HIM who on Calvary bled for thee;  
Who wept with those who mourned while here,  
Nor now forbids fond nature's tear;  
Not from the dust afflictions spring,  
Oft sent our wandering feet to bring  
Back to the fold where peace and joy  
Alone are found without alloy.

## THE MINIATURE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

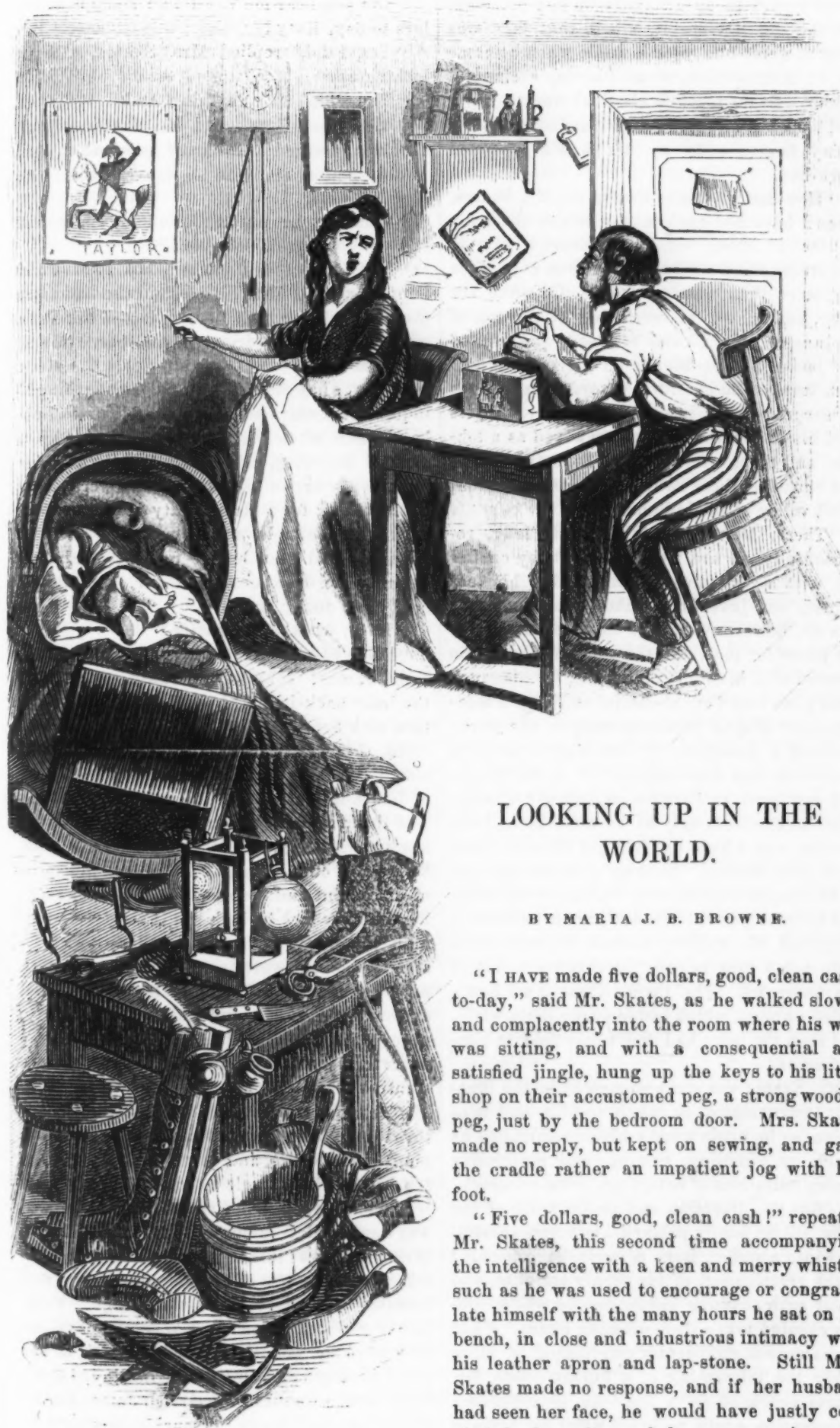
(See Engraving.)

Nor the chilly and moaning winter,  
Nor the flowery huntress spring,  
Nor the light of the long blue summer  
Such peace to my bosom bring.  
As the quiet and hazy autumn,  
When the woods grow dull and brown,  
And into the lap of the south-land  
The blossoms are blowing down.  
When all night long in the moonlight  
The boughs of the roof-tree chafe,  
While the wind, like a wandering poet,  
Is singing a mournful wail;  
And all day through the cloud-armies  
The sunbeams coquettishly rove,  
For then first my bosom enfolded  
This miniature of my Love.

With eyes like the sorrowful beauty  
Of violets buried in dew,

And locks like the nut-brown shadows  
With sunshine streaming through;  
Came to me a wonderful vision,  
Enchanting my soul from pain,  
And gladdening my heart, as it never  
On earth shall be gladdened again.  
For away from life's pain and passion  
And our Eden of love he went,  
Like a pale star softly fading  
From the morning's golden tent.

But oft when the front of the autumn  
Is bright with the summer beams,  
We meet in the solemn shadows  
That border the land of dreams.  
For seeing my woe through the beauty  
That hovers about him above,  
He puts from his forehead the glory,  
And listens again to my love.



## LOOKING UP IN THE WORLD.

BY MARIA J. B. BROWNE.

"I HAVE made five dollars, good, clean cash, to-day," said Mr. Skates, as he walked slowly and complacently into the room where his wife was sitting, and with a consequential and satisfied jingle, hung up the keys to his little shop on their accustomed peg, a strong wooden peg, just by the bedroom door. Mrs. Skates made no reply, but kept on sewing, and gave the cradle rather an impatient jog with her foot.

"Five dollars, good, clean cash!" repeated Mr. Skates, this second time accompanying the intelligence with a keen and merry whistle, such as he was used to encourage or congratulate himself with the many hours he sat on his bench, in close and industrious intimacy with his leather apron and lap-stone. Still Mrs. Skates made no response, and if her husband had seen her face, he would have justly concluded, from its sealed up expression, she



never meant to speak again on any occasion. But he did not see it, albeit that face was wont to greet him with a smile when he came in, at nine o'clock, from his day's cheerful labour. So he unrolled his shirt sleeves, "tipped back" in his chair, and drummed with his horny fingers'-ends on his wife's japanned work-box.

"How can you make that noise, Mr. Skates, when I have had such a fuss to get the baby to sleep?" broke out Mrs. Skates, giving to the cradle a more petulant jog than ever. The jog, more than the strumming, did wake the baby, and he set to screaming at the top of his lungs. Mrs. Skates frowned, and rocked and jerked him up higher on his pillows, and then turned him over, which several operations so surprised and incensed the baby, that he held his breath till his face grew red as a lobster, and then, after a few preliminary coughs and chuckles, there rattled out from his throat a full volley of his indignation.

"There, Mr. Skates!" said his lady, reproachfully, as she mounted the baby on her lap, with a very unusual disregard of his tenderness and juvenility. She could not make him sit, however,—he was too mad and stiff in the joints for that, and she could not keep him covered with his thin cradle-robe, for his saucy little pink feet flew about in as lively a measure as if he had been capering to the merry music of a hornpipe. "I've a good mind to spank him and done with it! I would if you had not been so careless as to wake him up, when he has been ugly as he could live all the evening, and I have but just got him out of my arms, Mr. Skates! Shut up your mouth, and go to sleep in one minute, James, or I'll come and trounce you till you don't know yourself!" continued the excited mother, in reply to a little voice that called "Mother-r-r!" out of the bed-room. The threat silenced all but a stifled whining, which lasted only a little while, and then the baby had the whole field to himself again.

Mr. Skates was sorry enough to be the innocent instrument of so much trouble and confusion, so he made what amiable restitution he could, by whistling, singing, and performing sundry imitations of cats, dogs, cows, cockerels, &c., for the diversion and propitiation of the baby, till he finally relaxed his angry tearfulness into a smile; from a smile he consented to the gratification of his fleshly appetite, and under such soothing influences, he was gradually cheated into a deep slumber again. When the calm was sufficiently established to allow safely the inbreaking of a human voice, Mr. Skates ventured, in a low tone, to commence conversation again with his wife; for his was the most social and chatty of dispositions.

"Did you hear me say I had made five dollars to-day, Katy?"

"Yes, I did," replied Mrs. Skates, without looking up.

"You didn't say anything, and I reckoned you didn't hear," returned Mr. Skates, a good deal disappointed; he hardly knew what tack would incline his wife to conversation. At length he said,

"What is the matter, Kate? I am afraid you don't feel well,—do you?"

"Yes; I feel well enough, but I don't feel happy," replied Mrs. Skates, and she had more than half a mind to cry outright;—I think she would, but for the dread of another "tussle" with the baby.

"What's happened? Have I done anything?" inquired the alarmed and simple-hearted husband; and when Katy only answered with a sort of lingering, undecided "No," and her tears really began to start, his own were ready to start, too; for he loved Katy with the whole wealth of his simple, unsentimental nature, and he never had seen her so evidently unhappy before. He drew nearer to her, and asked, softly and anxiously,—

"Katy, what is the matter?"

"I don't feel contented! I want to be somebody, James!" sobbed Mrs. Skates, as she laid the baby back in his cradle, and covered her face with her apron.

Ah, there is the mischief—the silence—the rough handling of the little one—the scolding of James to his slumber—all traceable to this! And the fire had been burning some time in the heart of Mrs. Skates, the shoemaker's wife, before this outbursting of the flame—the spirit of discontent had been conquering and annexing territory inch by inch, till it possessed well-nigh the whole before it dared to plant its standard on the outworks, and make its mark upon her face, and distemper her conduct and demeanour as a wife and mother. Mrs. Skates never treated her husband so coldly before—never disregarded so perseveringly the substantial tokens of his worldly prosperity in his laborious and indispensable calling—never threatened little James with such ignominious punishment before, and never, till that evening, felt her hands so tingle to administer physical "suasion" to a babe of six months, if he was wayward and troublesome. Not at all like Mrs. Skates was this impatience and reproachfulness, for she was one of the most thrifty and loveable little wives in all the village. True, in her girlhood, which was scarcely past, she had been an ambitious maiden; and if she could have the choosing of her destiny, I don't know as she would have married James Skates the shoemaker; for in personal appearance, in mental endowments, if they had been properly

balanced, and in ambitious purposes, he was any distance behind her. If Mrs. Skates was accountable for ten talents, at a random estimate, her husband's reckoning never would have stretched beyond five, in any state of the market,—and from the dawn of her womanhood, when she first began to take the lead among the village girls, the notion invincibly quartered itself in her head, that she was “born to be somebody!”

Mr. Skates had but a very little beforehand when they were married, and Katy's father could give her only the scantiest outfit,—but James was industrious and careful, and his wants were few and very easily satisfied. His boots and shoes never ripped, and “wore like iron,” so of course they gave entire satisfaction to everybody, and he had all the making and “capping” and “specking” for miles and miles around. Indeed, so popular was he, that his patrons gave him no time at all to idle away, even if he had been disposed to indolence. How could such commendable industry fail to insure success? And then he was entirely happy,—his dear Katy was merry as a lark all the day long; the light of her face, when she had done the housework, and came into his little shop with her baby or her sewing, was always like the entering in of a rainbow, so bright and joyful was it to look upon;—the sound of her voice, too, singing some lively air over her domestic labours or the cradle, oh, it was so sweet, it made him whistle more piercingly than ever, and gave him vigour and agility as he wielded his awl, or drove in the pegs, as if his good right arm had been a trip-hammer. And then he was so kind, and respectful, and loving to Katy. Not a wish did he allow to go ungratified if it was within the compass of his ability; not a moment did he ever withhold his wallet when her hand waited for it, and not an attention he knew how to bestow did he ever neglect. And Katy loved him dearly when once she had married him, and become accustomed to his simple and unassuming ways. Yes, she did love him dearly, and she entered heart and hand into his plans for prosperity, and suggested many more from the stores of her superior calculation. She was very happy, indeed, when the last cent was actually paid for their house and garden, and they could call it indisputably their own; and her next ambition was to have it repaired and painted straw-colour, with the ornamental addition to its neatness of pretty light green blinds. Gradually she became the mistress of a carpet for her parlour and best bedroom, and one article after another accumulated till her house was tastefully and suitably provided with furniture,—not the richest mahogany, and rosewood, and damask, to be sure, but

such as comported with her means and her station. Long before all this came to pass, the matrons of the village, who had shaken their heads doubtfully over the promise of her giddy girlhood, declared themselves “*happily disappointed!*” Katy had really “settled down into a steady woman, and made a first rate housekeeper.” Only they thought “she was none the better for some of her high notions; she dressed ‘most too well and laid out ‘most too much of Skates's earnings to fix up their house, when it would do just as well without,—theirn did;—and the money ought to be put at interest ‘ginst a rainy day;—they might be sick or be burnt out—who could tell?”

Now it is not to be supposed that all this tendency to “fix up,” was wholly untraceable to the idea she had nursed from her childhood, that one was “born to be somebody,” or that the development and growth of matronly virtues had eradicated the foibles which were interwoven with the constitution of her mind. The luxuriance of the virtues might have overtopped the follies, if she had hated the follies; but the truth was, their roots were deeply struck, and strong, and she was only waiting for the opportunity in the progress of her history, to prove that nothing but the painful lessons of a severe experience can destroy the interlacings of a false ambition—that kind of ambition which sees no loveliness in its own pathway, no honour in the quiet and faithful discharge of its own private, and, it may be, humble duties, nothing really desirable or satisfying, unless it is stretched often into another and a higher sphere.

Mrs. Skates had a very dear cousin and friend, to whose influence she readily submitted herself; although the unequivocal tendency of that influence was to kindle up her discontent, and lead her mind to the revolving of projects which alone she never would have thought of. Cousin Sophronia Thompson, though a number of years Katy's senior, had always taken her greatly into favour, and they had long sustained the most confidential and intimate relations. Sophronia was brought up a near neighbour to Katy, had learned the “tailor's trade” in all its mysteries, and was marvellously endowed with a faculty at the “shears,” the “goose,” and the “cabbage.” Indeed, she prospered finely with the business, and made more at “custom work,” or “jobs,” than any of the girls: for she had such a talent at making garments look very smooth and trim, in half the time others spent upon them; and if they ripped when they came to be worn, why, she had the prescriptive right of “the profession,” to harangue about “unnecessary strains,” and “miserable materials.”

By and by, Sophronia had a good chance to



go into a large, "ready-made clothing establishment" in the city, and with her upward tendencies—it seemed they almost ran in the family—here was an opportunity by no means to be neglected. She threw up her country business at once, and went; and by her correspondence, she kept Mrs. Skates intelligent on every branch of her success. What "sights" of money she made, and what "sights" she spent—how richly she dressed, how she wore a "goold" watch and chain, and had rings and pins and bracelets a plenty, to wear on all occasions, proper or improper—at any rate, to wear—what sights of grand people she tailored for, and, in fine, what a prime idea it was to be a tailoress in the city, where "a body could be somebody!" O, how these communications from time to time, albeit they were in defiance of "orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody," made Katy's heart flutter. She wished—how many things she *did* wish! But she seldom said anything to her husband about these aspirations; indeed, he never could be made to realize that the letters were of any interest at all; so, by and by, he did not take the trouble to read them. But Katy read them, and feasted upon the fine things they described, and the genteel practices they explained. And when Sophronia at length wrote a letter on a "mourning" sheet, all bordered and sealed with black, to communicate to Mrs. Skates that Solomon Thompson, her only brother, was dead, and had left her five thousand dollars (the avails of his industrious peddling of mop-handles, washboards, and other "woodenware," together with the product of a fortunate speculation in eastern lands), and that she had quit tailoring for ever, and taken genteel boarding in one of the "genteelest boarden housen" in the city, and was going to be a lady, and nothing but a lady, for evermore, Katy Skates thought she would faint away with surprise and envy. O, what a delightful thing, to have somebody die and leave so much money to one, and then be able to board out, in a genteel, city boarding-house, and do nothing in the world but wear rich clothes and finery, and be a lady! Katy bit her lips, and her heart throbbed impatiently; and she had, in feminine parlance, "a good cry!" To think that Sophronia Thompson had stepped right up on such a pinnacle—the very pinnacle where she, all her life, had been longing to stand; and yet she was only a shoemaker's wife, and obscure at that! O, it was humiliating—it was vexatious. What had she done to deserve it? And then she cried again.

But the letter did cast just a glimmer of light and hope upon Katy's future, dark and forbidding as it seemed. Cousin Sophronia promised—yes, there it was, in black and

white, penned in scrawls unknown in the history of all chirography—she did promise to come and spend some weeks in the summer, with Mrs. Skates—it was all the fashion to go into the country in the hot season, and she had fallen, or rather *risen* into such fashionable circles, it would not do for her to neglect anything that other folks did; so she was coming in June or July, and how many things she should have to tell Katy! Mrs. Skates felt that it would come next to being a city lady herself, to have one for her visiter, and she began to weary of waiting for the expected honour.

The occasion of the scene which opens my story, was the arrival that morning of a letter from Sophronia, full to the very brim of gentility. Sophronia had actually gone to Saratoga, in company with the "Hon. Captain Powers, lady, and daughters," and she had cut out of the Saratoga newspaper, a notice of their arrival at the great — Hotel! Yes! there were their names, printed in the newspaper! O dear! dear! what a blessed thing it was to have money, and "be somebody," so one could go to Saratoga in company with the "Hon. Captain Powers, lady, and daughters," and be of so much consequence as to be mentioned in the papers! Mrs. Skates thought it was a signal distinction; and then Sophronia wrote, that the "Hon. Captain Powers, lady, and daughters," had never done anything in their lives, and they were really the finest and fashionablest people in all the world—as rich as—nobody knows who! and "they made it a pint never to do anything." She wrote, "they made all sorts of game of folks that did anything; for her part, she had done doing anything, and had a'most forgot how!"

Poor Katy! how could she bind the shoes any more! How could she do the housework, and the family sewing any more, lest she should some time, through Cousin Sophronia or somebody, come into the august presence of the "Hon. Captain Powers, lady, and daughters!" and then the stain and roughness of her fingers would disclose the disgraceful fact that she *did something*! The more she meditated upon Sophronia's letter, the more discontented and dissatisfied she became, and the more impatient and disgusted with everything about her. James was unhappy, and confined himself to his shop almost entirely, because Katy was never smiling and pleasant now; the children behaved more troublesomely, and were more turbulent and vexatious, because mamma had done trying to amuse them, and was even hardly gentle. The house must undergo an extra overturning, in expectation of Cousin Sophronia, and everything in the parlour and best bedroom was arranged and rearranged an incredible number of times, before they



were just to Katy's mind; and they were not after all—for with the very best aspect she could give them, she feared they would not look genteel—and if they did not look genteel in Cousin Sophronia's eyes, she was undone!

At length Miss Thompson, "late from Saratoga," did arrive; and such a quantity of baggage as the coach unloaded before Mrs. Skates's door, was a delight and pride to Katy, and an astonishment to all the neighbours who were



COUSIN SOPHRONIA'S ARRIVAL.

within the sphere of observation. The lady herself alighted, too—a very short, fat, florid-faced woman, gaudily dressed, with an article of jewelry hung on in every place where it could be made to hang—her nose only excepted; and the reason of *its* escape might possibly be, that it was so remorselessly after

the order of architecture denominated *pug*, that the discipline necessary to bring it into a jewelable state, was too laborious for such sultry weather. All covered with dust, and very stage-sick indeed was Miss Thompson; but a few cups of Mrs. Skates's best Young Hyson tea, and some salt fish, toasted brown, with the accompaniment of salad and vinegar, proved a panacea for that difficulty, so that before bedtime she was as voluble and communicative as even Katy could desire. The next morning she unpacked her trunks and boxes, and displayed to Katy's admiring eyes, the endless variety of her finery. O! there were black dresses, and blue dresses, and red, and green, and purple, and pink, and white, and striped, and figured, and plaided, and spotted dresses; and silk, and lace, and cashmere, and I know not how many sorts of shawls; and ribands, and flowers, and all varieties of showy and expensive paraphernalia, which a woman like Miss Sophronia Thompson, a great, old-fashioned, gaudy, full-grown butterfly, just burst out of its husky chrysalis, and lately an unnoticed worm—distinguished, moreover, by the honour of travelling in company with the "Hon. Captain Powers, lady, and daughters," would be likely to transport about the country with her, especially to a fashionable watering-place, or where the exhibition of it would excite astonishment and envy. Poor Katy! How mean her simple wardrobe began to appear, nice and tasteful and suitable as she had made it! She felt very much mortified that she really had nothing fit to put on, and she resolved to have some new dresses, just like Sophronia's, immediately, so she could "appear like somebody!" And how homespun and countrified seemed all her neighbours and acquaintances—good, honest, common-sense people, even if they had not been to Saratoga in illustrious company—when Sophronia described the "splendid fokes" she had become familiar with in her travels and tarryings. And oh, how small, and almost contemptible, appeared her cottage and its belongings, a little while ago her pride, when her ambitious imagination contrasted them with the sumptuous palaces Cousin Sophronia represented herself as having occupied! To aggravate her discontent, all the "splendid fokes" that Sophronia had seen, were Honourable, or Doctor, or Squire, or General, or wore some such delicious and dazzling title; in the estimate of vulgar minds, a sure and unmistakeable evidence of greatness, and an almost certain passport to the deference of the admiring circles which revolve about such very equivocal, and, oftentimes, puffball centres. They bewildered Mrs. Skates's unpractised mind, till she could no longer see the distinction between folly and wisdom. O! how

mean it would sound, if she and her family should ever be so exalted as to go to Saratoga, to be announced in the papers as plain "James Skates, lady, and children!" If it was only Captain, or Squire, or Reverend, or even Corporal, anything but plain "James Skates, shoemaker," she could possibly bear it. Besides, Sophronia declared she had not once seen a shoemaker in all her travels:—one might have judged so from the quantity of little jobs in his line she had been saving for Cousin Skates to be favoured with. "These kind of occupations," she said, "had become very unfashionable, and had gone greatly into disrepute in genteel society." Such disclosures from Sophronia's oracular lips, were like piercing a sore and abraded wound with red-hot irons, when they fell on Mrs. Skates's sensitive ears; every fibre of her foolish ambition and vulgar pride was galled and chafed to a painful tenderness before, but this piece of unquestionable truth, from a source of such high authority, spurred her disquietude up to the point of action.

Something must be done to escape from the inevitable disgrace and odium of labouring at such a disgraceful and odious business as shoemaking. James Skates should not be a shoemaker any longer, nor Katy a shoemaker's wife! "O yes, to be sure, something must be done," said Miss Thompson; "it was a shame they were not getting above their neighbours, and looking up in the world, when Katy had natural abilities to make so much of an appearance, and cut such a dash in the city. Mr. Skates must be persuaded; and she guessed between them, they could manage it, as he was not the readiest with arguments or decision, in matters where the odds of logic were so decidedly on the other side. Yes, Skates must be brushed up, and persuaded to go to the city with his family, board them at a hotel or boarding-house, and then engage himself in some employment which would furnish spending money—money was to be made so easy in the city. And then it would be so much more *respectable* than to burrow in the country, where one never was heard of, and *shoemaker* for a living! She herself would introduce them into the 'first society,' and bestow favours of that important kind upon them in such profusion, a lifetime would not be long enough to cancel the debt of gratitude they would owe her!"

Katy and Sophronia "cut and dried" the whole affair, while Sophronia sat in the rocking-chair with her mits on, and fanned herself; and Katy ran about as if she had been put upon an extra pair of springs in every limb, to wait upon her. When it was all ready, and propped up on all sides with invincible arguments, Mr. Skates was cautiously and warily

"towed in," to become the lion in the scheme; while Miss Thompson and her cousin worked vigorously at the long arm, till all obstacles were finally thrust out of the way. Indeed, such had been the silent effect of Sophronia's "continual dropping" about gentility and respectability, even upon a mind so slowly perceptive, and so absolutely commonplace as Mr. Skates's, that the difficulty of gaining him over to their side, was far less formidable than the ambitious cousins had anticipated. To the unconcealed surprise and consternation of all his neighbours and friends, and in the very face of remonstrance, and forebodings of ruin, Mr. Skates did let his house and shop, and consent to emigrate upon uncertainties, to the great city—the great city, which stood out in alto relievo before the vision of his wife, like the veritable Paradise. To his praise, however, be it spoken, it was not without many inward misgivings, and hours of almost tearful reluctance, that he started upon such a wild-goose chase; and if his wife, who was the polestar of his being, though now dangerously out of her true position, had not been on the wing, fluttering up almost out of his sight in the track of her foolish ambition, the peaceful scenes that had always encircled him, and bounded his desires, and the almost irresistible attractions of his pleasant labour, would have won him back from his illusion, and left him a quiet, useful, and valuable citizen.

These arrangements were very suddenly got up, and of course must be executed while at a fever heat, or they would be likely to fail, as Mr. Skates, though his neighbours had never called him "shifty-minded" before, might possibly sicken of the prospective change, and overturn the whole just on the very eve of accomplishment. When Katy was so near the enchanted circle it would be death to be obliged to withdraw. Sophronia considerably protracted her stay a week longer than she had at first meditated, to mind the children, and do some "light chores," to facilitate the preparations which Mr. and Mrs. Skates were so busy and so animated in making. And when the "things" were nearly all removed from their places, and packed away into the chambers, and all the rooms began to look stripped and melancholy, and there began to be gloomy and ill-omened echoes shooting through the unfurnished apartments—echoes that would croak of desolation, and would sometimes strike like a knell on James's simple heart in spite of himself—in spite of the bustling and gleefulness of his triumphant little wife—in spite of the glare of Cousin Sophronia's fancy paintings, which she took care to hold up before him to the very last moment of her tarrying,—when matters were in such a train,



and she had given the unsophisticated aspirants all necessary directions,—quite a catalogue, by the way,—Miss Thompson took her departure, and in a few days Mr. and Mrs. Skates were ready to follow.

Mrs. Skates was happy as a queen when they were all seated in the cars going to the city—the city at last!—and when the coach drew up before the splendid entrance of a great castle-like hotel, and the servants came out and overwhelmed them with attentions and services, and conducted them in as if they were indeed the Hon. Captain Somebody, and lady, she was quite bewildered with excitement and triumph. “Let my neighbours sneer now if they will,” thought Katy, as she tossed her vain little head, and sat down with a mixture of confusion, diffidence, and complacency, in the long, brilliantly illuminated, and magnificent drawing-room. Oh, such a gorgeous carpet, her feet fairly sunk in its plushy softness, as if she had been treading on a bed of fresh moss! Such luxurious furniture!—such dazzling lamps and mirrors! While her bewildered vision was struggling to take in all this grandeur at one grasp, another sense carried in a throb of bitter mortification to her heart.

“Name, sir?” said a servant to her husband, who was standing still with mouth and eyes wide open, looking about him in amazement, trying to collect himself, and to decide whether he was in the body or out of the body, so like an unreal panorama seemed all that was around him to his simplicity. “Name, sir?” politely repeated the servant, his face looking the personation of a subdued chuckle.

“Oh, Squire James and Miss Skates!” replied Mr. Skates very audibly; and then, on second thought, as if something of the most absolute importance had been forgotten, he added, “and the children, too,—put them in.”

The servant retreated instantly, and saved himself a hemorrhage, perhaps, by indulging his overcharged mirthfulness, and recorded on the book of arrivals for the morning paper, “—James, Esq., and Miss Skates.”

Now Mr. Skates had been instructed—specifically instructed—to say, when his name was called for at the hotel, “James Skates, Esq., lady and children,” but his mind and memory were topsy-turvy with this dashing so suddenly into gentility, and no wonder he could not concentrate his ideas to a proper focus. Mrs. Skates felt badly about it, for she feared the whole city would be misled when they came to read it, and she thought best to have the mistake corrected; but she would consult Cousin Sophronia. By the time she had an opportunity to consult her oracle, however, the unfortunate edition of the paper had gone by, and everybody in the world but themselves had

forgotten the announcement, if, indeed, they ever noticed it.

It was already evening when Mr. and Mrs. Skates arrived; Katy was very much excited, and cruelly exhausted—her cheeks burned like a fever, and her arms trembled with fatigue, as she tossed the baby hither and thither to quiet him, and alternately soothed and scolded poor little terrified James. Mr. Skates indicated, as soon as he could collect his recreant faculties, that they would like to engage board “for a spell, and see if they liked;” and the landlord, whose keen eye was so familiarly educated to the mensuration of pretensions, and who could detect at a glance the spurious from the genuine coin, after some demurring, and some adroitly directed regrets that his house was so crowded he should not be able to accommodate the gentleman for a few days as well as he could desire, to all of which Mr. Skates obligingly replied “it was just as wal,” he ordered a servant to conduct Mr. and Mrs. Skates to No. 150!

Oh what a journey it was, superadded to the day’s weariness, to reach No. 150, and through what a labyrinth of endless halls, walled up on both sides by rows of green window-blind-looking doors! and up, up, up what flights and flights of stairs, and round what numbers of corners! Katy felt as if she should drop down, and Mr. Skates, whose good temper outlasted everything, jocosely remarked to his baggage-laden conductor, “Wal, sir, if it’s much further we’ll stop in somewhere and rest. I hope when you get us up here you’ll be sure to come and show us the way out again!”

Poor Katy was sick enough by the time she reached her room; and as she entered it, her thoughts would revert to her own bedchamber at the cottage home—vastly larger than this little hot “six by eight” enclosure—so pleasantly and commodiously furnished, and commanding a view of such a green and flowing landscape from its windows; here she could see from the one window, she knew not what it was, some great dark object, which gradually developed into the brick wall of a neighbouring building, and that bounded the prospect. But she was too ill to care much that night,—her head ached violently, and spun round with dizziness, and all she could do was just to go to bed, sweltering and fainting, and leave the charge of unrobing and quieting the children to her husband. Mr. Skates thought the undertaking too hopeless to get down stairs and up again alone, so he went without his supper, and bathed Katy’s burning forehead, and whistled and hummed the old home lullabys to the children, till all were uneasily slumbering, and then, as the noise in the streets died away, all but the



occasional rattle of a vehicle on the pavement, or the echoing tramp of a solitary footfall breaking in on the midnight hush of the city, and the lamps one by one flickered and expired, Mr. Skates too, his mind in a whirl, and his purposes and expectations all misty and intangible, composed himself into a restless and half-watchful repose. Even that was broken ever and anon, by a sudden scream from one or both of the children, whose sleep itself was fritted away by the stifling heat of the small, close room, and the excitement and fatigue their own little frames were suffering.

But they all rose quite as vigorous as could reasonably be anticipated, and novelty supplied abundantly the stimulus that otherwise would have been lacking. Mrs. Skates was somewhat faint, and felt some disagreeable visitings of nausea now and then, but she managed with her husband's good offices, in matters pertaining to the toilet, to get herself and the children all ready in full dress for breakfast, some minutes before it was announced. When the terrific notes of the gong—it had a giant voice—were heard pealing and groaning and moaning and growling and howling through the long empty halls, affrighting the very echoes, such a chorus of unaffected terror as issued from the throats of the two young Skateses was appalling! Mr. and Mrs. Skates, too, were startled and alarmed, and thought at first that all the wild beasts in the world were in desperate battle just outside of their own door, and the children shrieked as if every sense were but an inlet to the most excruciating torture. In vain did papa and mamma hush and hug and soothe and threaten after the cause of the alarm was ascertained; every measure weighed light as a feather in the balance with the fright and horror they experienced at the sudden acquaintanceship of this unearthly noise. The poor children refused to be comforted till it was too late for the regular breakfast, so Mr. Skates, lady and children, breakfasted alone.

Cousin Sophronia was good enough to come quite early, and spend all the morning with Mrs. Skates, congratulating her on having emerged from a living burial in the country, welcoming her to the unutterable delights of a city life, and giving her lessons in gentility, while Mr. Skates went out into the street to look up some kind of "genteel business;" for he was made distinctly to understand, that none other would answer his purpose, though his simple ideas were at the lowest possible ends concerning the boundary lines between a genteel and an ungentleel occupation. But Sophronia assured him that such as he was in pursuit of was "plenty as quails," and he supposed it must be of course, if he had only been sufficiently acquainted in the city to know

where to look for it. Everywhere he inquired he was informed by the industrious and laborious business men, that "they did not keep the article," and he came to his hotel from his unsuccessful tour quite discouraged and disheartened. But he was soon called to forget his ill success in obtaining employment, by the necessity of preparation for dinner. Cousin Sophronia had apprised Mrs. Skates that "folks did not dress much for breakfast, but dinner at hotels and fashionable boardin' houses" was a great affair, and conducted with a marvellous display of state and ceremony—that they must be dressed in their very best and gayest clothes, and be on the alert to "see just how other folks did," or coming from the country so fresh, they would be liable to some gross violations of dinner-table etiquette, and the "folks would think so strange of it."

Katy felt less apprehension for her own ability to manage than she did for her husband and children. Mr. Skates was mortally awkward there was no disputing, and the children would be most likely to do as children always will—behave worst when they are put upon their *best* behaviour—cry when it is indispensable they should be quiet,—seize upon things they should let alone, and sometimes, by the simplest prattle, uncover family secrets it takes the practised ingenuity of parents to conceal—the plain-spoken little wretches!

Mr. Skates was sent to the barber to get himself shaved after the most approved fashion, and then he was trimmed out in his new suit of blue broadcloth, with his fancy silk vest and his new blue and white plaid neckerchief, and his white linen handkerchief shaken out of its neat folds, and stuffed with fashionable carelessness into his coat pocket, by Sophronia's own competent hands. Indeed, he looked very much dressed up, and you would hardly have suspected his occupation but for the peculiar stoop in the shoulders craftsmen of his calling are apt to acquire, and for certain dark-coloured and very incorrigible labour-lines and calluses on his hands, which perseveringly resisted all the influence of soap and sand which could be brought to bear upon them. Honourable labour-lines and calluses they were, too; he was in no danger of losing the good opinion and respect of any whose respect and good opinion were worth preserving, for these; he might be, for suffering himself to be persuaded to blush for them, to be coaxed, and not very reluctantly, into his present apish and incongruous transition!

Katy Skates robed herself in her new changeable silk, flounced and rosetted in the skirt, and decorated about the low neck and short sleeves in the very latest style. Her hair shone and waved and curled deliciously, her

eyes sparkled, and her cheeks glowed like roses; and if she had been going to figure at a magnificent entertainment on some great and special occasion, by invitation from an affluent host, she would have looked not only suitably but beautifully habited; for Mrs. Skates was really handsomer in person than many renowned beauties who make considerable sensation in the world. Moreover, to set off her charms still more effectually, Cousin Sophronia—obliging soul!—had been so good as to loan Mrs. Skates a very gay bracelet and brooch, with great glaring, hot-looking purple stones in them, and a chain from which dangled a gold pencil. And when these were all fixed on in their places, and Katy looked in the mirror to see herself, she was sensible of

a glow of real admiration, and her little vain heart swelled with pride and satisfaction. I am sorry her pride and satisfaction had no nobler groundwork to base themselves upon!

Mr. Skates, I need not say, admired her too, and could hardly forbear kissing her, as if he were a lover, or she a bride.

The horrible notes of the gong were at length heard grumbling along through the halls. This time the children only turned pale, and clung closer to their parents, with their eyes stretched open, staring wonderingly. Mr. Skates carried the baby, and Mrs. Skates led James and hung on her husband's arm, till, with a crowd that kept swelling all the way from "No. 150" down, they found themselves floating into the spacious dining-hall of the hotel; and some-



THE DINNER.

how, they hardly realized how, they were seated at the table. Everything was new and strange. Mr. Skates innocently stared at the services and ceremonies he could not understand, and Mrs. Skates increased and made manifest her confusion, by trying to appear at ease, and accustomed to it all. The "great towel" laid by his plate Mr. Skates had no use for, with a good white handkerchief in his pocket, so he "doubled it up," and put it behind him, to keep it out of little James's hands.

That hopeful young "scion" opened the

table scene by being vastly troublesome. He refused to be seated on his father's knee, and clamoured bravely for his "high chair." Mr. Skates's arguments for some time were of no avail, but at length he succeeded in persuading his small but resolute antagonist that "they did not have high chairs here in the city," and he must either be good, or be sent to No. 150 to stay alone. James surrendered; but as soon as he was fairly settled in his place, and had looked a long inquisitive stare into the faces of the company on the opposite side of the table, he seized a silver fork that lay by his father's



plate, and began raking it over his cheeks and his protruded tongue.

"What's this, pa? what's this thing?" he inquired, holding it still more fast, while his father attempted to take it out of his determined grasp.

"You mustn't meddle with it—let it alone, James. It looks some like a spoon!" replied Mr. Skates, forcing it away from the little hand, and laying it down on the cloth. But James, with the children's universal license to misbehave on the most important occasions, instantly took it up again, and began ringing the elegant champagne glass which a servant that moment presented to a gentleman who sat next.

"We han't got no such 'poons to home, have we, pa?" interrogated the youngster.

"Ah, James!" interrupted Mrs. Skates, who had had more than she could do thus far to keep her borrowed finery out of the hands and mouth of the astonished baby, "Ah, James; what did I tell you?"

"You said you should trounce me if I wasn't still," confessed the child, rapping his head with the fork, and making it do the service of a comb in frizzling up his nicely-smoothed hair. But the memory of the threat silenced him for a few minutes, while a fiery-red blush of three-fold mortification, suffused the before glowing cheeks of his exasperated mamma—mortification that her son had exposed his ignorance of the purposes for which silver forks are used—that he should disclose so publicly, and without remorse, the unfortunate and disgraceful fact that he was a stranger to such luxuries at home, and lastly, that he should be so explicit in his delineation of her peculiar mode of family discipline!

But Mrs. Skates's cheeks tingled worse and worse, and her forehead burned hotter and hotter, when she heard her unsophisticated spouse remark to a waiter who handed him a well-filled plate.

"Thank'ee, thank'ee, sir, but you've loaded 'most too heavy of that; I can't eat all this and taste of all them other sorts, too. I see you've got lots back there yet!" Mrs. Skates set her satin slipper hard down on Mr. Skates's boot, under the table, telegraphing that he was guilty of something, he hardly knew what; but it made him silent, and left her to blush and flutter at the impertinent smile she saw running from lip to lip on the other side of the table,—a cruel but very common way of exposing the real vulgarity and grossness of mind which would pass itself for high breeding, and a contempt for what, by a kind of false comparison, appears unrefined or uncultivated in the manners of others.

Little James by this time had recovered from

the shock he had experienced from the recollection of what was in store for him, if he "wasn't still," and he found his curiosity was by no means satisfied concerning the new things that were about him. He proceeded with his investigation by seizing a "bill of fare," which the nearest neighbour had just laid down.

"What's this, pa?" he inquired, bringing the smooth, clean paper into contact with his greasy mouth. It was a fixed habit of Master James's this, of introducing everything to the acquaintanceship of his facial orifice, whether said orifice was in receiving order or not.

"I do' know, child; let it alone, and hand it right straight back to the gentleman—it's his'n," replied Mr. Skates, getting not a little impatient with his son's inquisitiveness.

"But what is it, pa?" persisted James, pouting and scowling that the dawning of his curiosity should be so cruelly repressed.

"I do' know, I tell you; it looks like a little newspaper about vittles. Now hold your tongue!" retorted Mr. Skates, as he took the soiled paper out of James's hand, and administered a box on his ear sufficiently expressive to set him snivelling.

This scene of course added to the amusement of the gay young people across the table. They discoursed very audibly about "Jonathans," and "bumpkins," and "country animals," and one young woman, more bold and vulgar-souled and ill-bred than her companions, though her face was royally beautiful, and her voice as soft and sweet as the song of a siren, and her diction, even in rude sarcasm, as polished and musical as the diction of an orator, called quite aloud, "Waiter, do give me that little newspaper about vittles!" Her party joined in the joke with boisterous merriment, and poor Katy, instead of feeling honest contempt, rejoiced that her baby screamed just then, for even an uncomfortable and annoying circumstance relieved the bitter confusion of a consciousness that she and her well-meaning husband were the unfortunate objects of such unprincipled ridicule.

"That's what we call a bill of fare, mum, not a newspaper," replied the waiter, obsequiously, placing the paper in her fair hand. He had a kind heart, and he saw the game she was playing on those whose manners were a thousand times better than her own, though perhaps they had not been trained like herself, to all the usages of conventional etiquette; but they did the best they knew, the very best, and she thought to turn their very honesty and simplicity into ridicule.

"Oh, I understand, sir!" retorted the disconcerted beauty, a flush of indignation mounting to her very temples, that a servant should



dare to presume her ignorant; "your explanation is unnecessary, quite," but before she could deliver the rebuke she meditated, the offending waiter was out of hearing on the other side of the hall.

Mrs. Skates now began to hope that her sufferings for this once were at an end, but scarcely was the baby quieted, when James caught hold of the chain that depended from his mother's neck, and inquired with the most provoking innocence, "Whose is this, ma? 'Tain't yours, is it? Cousin 'Phrony lent it to you; didn't she, ma?"

"Sh-h-h, James!" fretted Mrs. Skates. I think at that moment she would have enjoyed the "trouncing business" right heartily! It was too vexatious that he should expose what one felt the keenest anxiety to conceal—the fact that she was really glittering in "borrowed plumage!"

"Shall you whip me, ma?" pursued the little wretch, taking alarm from his mother's severe expression, and cowering down in the chair behind his father, where he had been standing; while that uncomfortable and embarrassed worthy was trying to clear his plate of its contents, and at the same time working industriously to keep the perspiration from streaming in rivulets over his face. James managed to entertain himself in his new situation with his own perpetual chatter, and with scratching the chair with his fork, till the meal was finished. O, how glad were Mr. and Mrs. Skates when that event happened! Poor Katy felt that her little No. 150 would be an asylum, indeed, she was so thoroughly disconcerted; and Mr. Skates felt that he should never desire to dine again as long as he lived! Visions of his own quiet and social table at the forsaken home danced through his mind with a kind of tantalizing mockery; and then the precious absence of ceremony there! Sick, indeed he was, of so much ceremony, that "he didn't know nothing what they meant by!" He would have relished a thousand times better Katy's very poorest "washing-day hash," done up in "pot-skimmings," than those elaborately served viands, and their multitude of French gastronomic accompaniments, and "feel so all shook-up in his mind," as he declared he had done at this first city dinner.

Mrs. Skates comforted herself and her husband with the hope that they should get used to it pretty soon—they should observe how others did, and Cousin Thompson, accomplished as she was, would give them rules to help them on in the acquisition of city manners. The little lady, tormented as she was with the dinner-experience, really argued herself into the conclusion that in a little time these annoyances, which had seemed so intolerable to-

day, would become, by habit, very agreeable; at any rate, it was "genteel," and that would offset everything.

Mr. and Mrs. Skates remained at the hotel nearly a week, and every day they enjoyed less and less, though they tried to persuade themselves it was more and more. At that time, Cousin Sophronia advised them to make a fuss "about their room;" it was so far off, and so hot, and so small, and so inconvenient, every way, except for a single lodger to spend the night in—true, every word of it; and if they could not be afforded a handsome parlour, with bedroom adjoining, and the use of a servant to mind the children at dinner, and all for the same price, she counselled them to "threaten the landlord roundly that they would leave, and trumpet the accommodations he gave to gentlefokes!"

Sophronia was an oracle. So Mr. Skates complained and threatened accordingly, without at all alarming the imperturbable landlord, grumbled bitterly at the bill for board and extras he very coolly presented, and took board in a private house, "genteel," to be sure, but more economical, and with fewer boarders than thronged that splendid and renowned hotel. Moreover, Mrs. Skates informed some of the ladies at the hotel, on whom she had intruded a speaking acquaintance at table, in the drawing-room, and elsewhere, that a removal would greatly comode her husband's business, which she represented as requiring the strictest promptness, and the closest attention. She wondered that none of the ladies were curious enough to inquire where or what was her husband's business. If they *should* ask her, Sophronia had instructed her to say "he had an office in—what's the name of the street, now—really it had slipped her memory!" To be sure, he *had* an "office!" He had, after much trouble and delay, succeeded in obtaining the "office" of factotum in certain very popular Daguerrean rooms, with wages ruinously unequal to his expenses—such wages as would have seemed contemptible in his prosperous and palmy shoemaking days! those days when he was a sane and reasonable man, and his wife a sane and reasonable woman. But he was beyond that now—yes, indeed! any distance beyond it! And Mrs. Skates—why, she was forgetting marvellously fast that she had ever been a mechanic's lady, and if she kept on improving under her new tutelage, as rapidly as she had this first week of city life, very soon would she forget she had ever been so unpardonably vulgar as to live in the country and *work!*

At the new boarding-house, the ladies seemed very ladylike, and the gentlemen very gentlemanly, and entirely devoted to business. Mrs.

Skates was glad of that, for she would not have her husband appear busy, and drudging early and late, when all the rest of the family were taking their ease. It would be a shame to be industrious if others were idle, according to her false logic. Hers was a mind that could hardly have grasped Miss Bremer's beautiful sentiment, that "prayer and labour ennoble the human mind." But if the gentlemen were employed, the ladies were, or seemed to be, very much at leisure; they walked out, and rode out, and went calling, promenading, shopping, or sight-seeing, just as inclination, and that unsatisfied restlessness which certainly attaches itself to a drowsy idleness, dictated. Those that had babies, could leave them with the nurse, and those that hadn't, were of course the quietest, happiest, and most contented ladies alive!

Now Mrs. Skates, with all her weakness, was a true mother—she loved her children dearly; and if the finger of sickness had but touched them, she would have been a very pattern for anxiety and devotedness; and if she had been called to array them for the coffin, and bury them out of her sight, I think she would have been inconsolably broken-hearted with her deep and overwhelming sorrow. But situated as she was now, she did find them a most intolerable yoke upon the neck of her gay dispositions. There she must stay with them, night and day, shut up in her own room, or in the drawing-room, where they were wretchedly noisy and mischievous, and kept her coaxing and beseeching all the time. She had learned that it was very ungentle and undignified to scold children; and she had discovered, likewise, that family discipline in the polite circles to which she aspired, was very much at a discount; so Master James was very rapidly falling in with his mamma's new principles, and getting the "upper hand," despite of the private "trouncings," and similar admonitions, Solomonic, he experienced every now and then.

This confinement with her little ones, was Mrs. Skates's greatest grief; everything else went on swimmingly, and quite to her mind. The only alternative was to fancy herself so well acquainted with the ladies of the family in a little while, that she could venture to ask the loan of a servant or nurse, to watch her children, by Miss Thompson's suggestion; and since she scarcely knew whether the compliance was stately or ill-natured, and Cousin Sophronia said it was no matter, if she only secured the accommodation, as the weeks passed on, and the attractions became more and more inviting without, Mrs. Skates and her children became positively so much an annoyance, that two or three families took board elsewhere,

particularly on that account, greatly to Mrs. Skates's inconvenience; for their servants had been such a relief to her, when she could succeed in begging their services.

This circumstance was a serious drawback upon Mrs. Skates's shopping and promenading propensities; for there was but one family left who had children, and there were so many of these—only *five*, to one poor, little, jaded Irish nurse, and general family factotum—that Mrs. Skates at first felt some natural compunctions about imposing two more fractious, testy, turbulent boys upon her. And for some days she really did resist all Cousin Sophronia's solicitations to go here and there, to see this, that, and the other, to attend this or that drygoods auction, or jeweller's sale, where they "had broke, and things were going cheap as dirt, and cheaper—and as they were *so* cheap, she must go and buy, whether she needed them or not—she would some time, if one didn't then, and there never would be such a chance again!" This kind of sophistry had persuaded Mrs. Skates, till her husband's "wallet" had begun to grow mighty thin, and like a famine, compared with its plump and generous condition, when he was an honest, industrious shoemaker, making, not seldom, "five dollars a day, good, clean cash!" His wages now, did not begin to meet what his wife found she *must* spend for dresses and shawls and jewels, since she had come out such a fashionable lady. Her wardrobe and her milliner's and mantua-maker's bills made up a round sum for her husband to pay, which made him very uneasy and unhappy, though he said nothing to Katy but what he could support such expenses, she seemed to be enjoying it so finely. How could she, when he was drudging at a menial business, and growing pale with his anxiety every day?

And thus three months elapsed, and the time approached for the presentation of the quarter's bills. The weather began to grow cool, and the "autumn colours" to be put on; and of course Mrs. Skates and her children must be put into "autumn colours" too. Here were new expenses to be met; and then the evening amusements began to thicken; Mrs. Skates was infatuated to go, and she must go in full dress, too, as other folks did. And one evening she began to talk to Mr. Skates quite seriously about the necessity of a servant to take care of the children; she was obliged to be gone so much, and to receive so much company; and she reproached Mr. Skates that he never went with her anywhere, as other husbands did; to which he replied for the first time, that "he could not afford it!"

"Can't afford it! well, that sounds pretty, Mr. Skates; making money as you are! Come, you shall go to-night with Cousin Soph and me



to the Opery. She told me there is to be something splendid to-night from the Broominbachs and Charlotties, I believe she called 'em. It won't do to miss hearing such splendid singin', really, Mr. Skates!"

Now Mr. Skates had no artistic genius whatever in the matter of a judgment of the musical performances of Blumenbach and the Signora Carlotti,—he would have been much better entertained with a grinding organ, or the "nigger songs" of the Ethiopian Sereaders, and might have taken some sense of those, compared with any distinct enjoyment he might expect from the most divinely executed opera ever performed on the boards of a theatre. Alas! how many who would pass for the intelligent worshippers of such music, and who clap and "encore" without mercy, are exactly in this predicament!

Mr. Skates replied to his wife's invitation very decidedly indeed, and in a tone not a little surly, that "he couldn't go, and wouldn't if he could; and as to a nuss, she might nuss her own children, for he wouldn't get one, nor no sich a thing; so she needn't say any more about it."

With this unprecedented piece of ill-nature, and surprising decision for him, Mr. Skates rose and left his astonished wife, slamming the door powerfully together behind him. She hardly knew what to make of it, but she was resolved to go. Just at this crisis Cousin Sophronia appeared, to help her out of any dilemma she might chance to be in.

"What ails Skates?" ejaculated Miss Thompson; "I met him in the hall just now, and he looked as red in the face as a blood beet! Guess you have been into a little bit of a jaw about something, Katy?"

"Not a word, only I laughed because he said he couldn't afford to go to the Opery," replied Katy, looking a good deal disconcerted and troubled. "And I don't see as I can go, Sophronia,—what can I do with my children?"

"Oh, hang the children!" elegantly responded Miss Thompson. "If Skates won't go, make him take care of them, or ask Mrs. Boyd for her Irish girl."

"I have asked her so much," hesitated Katy, "and she grows so cross about it."

"Never mind that, if you can get the girl," returned Miss Thompson. "Run and ask her now, and I'll see to the brats while you are gone."

Mrs. Skates very reluctantly started on her unpleasant mission, and met Mrs. Boyd in the hall. Mrs. Boyd imagined her errand, and looked threateningly, but Mrs. Skates was so intent on the Opera she resolved to persevere.

"Could you let Biddy watch my children

just a little to-night, Mrs. Boyd, while I am gone to the Opery with a friend?"

"No, madam, I could not," returned Mrs. Boyd, in a very exasperated tone. "You have imposed on my good nature, Mrs. Skates, till I am wholly out of patience, and you need not come to me for any more such favours, unless you wish to be refused, madam. If you want your children taken care of you may hire somebody to do it;—I should expect my family to go to rack and ruin if I went gadding about as much as you do, Mrs. Skates; and if you understood what belonged to your station, or even to common propriety, you wouldn't be seen doing it, madam!" Mrs. Boyd's black eyes flashed like the eyes of an angry cat, as she discharged herself of such a petulant and unlady-like speech, and she turned on her heel and closed her door in Mrs. Skates's face.

"I will take care of your little ones, Mrs. Skates; you may leave them with me," said Mrs. Morrow, an elegant and highbred woman, whose rooms were in the neighbourhood, so that she had heard Mrs. Boyd's indignant refusal to oblige Mrs. Skates for the twentieth time, perhaps, with her "small servant;" and though she could not commend the course Mrs. Skates chose to pursue, in imposing the trouble of her children so frequently on her neighbours, her heart was far too kind and generous not to relieve her of the present embarrassment, even at a personal sacrifice.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mrs. Morrow," replied Mrs. Skates, tears of vexation standing in her eyes. "I shall be very glad to leave them with you, and shall feel much safer about them than if they were in some people's care."

Had Mrs. Skates understood true politeness, she would have thanked Mrs. Morrow, without afflicting her with two such restless children for a whole evening, especially as that lady was quite unused to the noise and mischief they made, and had no servant. But Mrs. Skates wanted to go out, and she was selfishly willing to avail herself of anybody's good offices, more particularly since Mrs. Boyd had treated her so rudely, and rebuked her so sharply. So she sent the children very early into Mrs. Morrow's apartment, and, with Sophronia's assistance, prepared herself for the Opera, indulging, meantime, in a variety of invectives towards "that snarling woman, Mrs. Boyd! Did you ever, Sophronia!" Of course Sophronia "never did," and strongly advised her less subtle cousin to "come up with her, any how!"

Mrs. Skates did not enjoy the evening so much as she had expected,—there were some pangs in her heart which militated sadly against her enjoyment—the manner in which



her husband had left her, Mrs. Boyd's rudeness, and other nameless things, quite diverted her from the notice she meant to take of the new dresses and dashing people she should see. Sophronia was coarsely hilarious, and rallied Mrs. Skates on her "mopiness;" but Mrs. Skates was glad when she could go home. It was past eleven, however, and, when she entered the hall leading to her room, she heard both her children screaming piteously, and a soft voice trying to hush and soothe them. When she opened the door of her own chamber she was almost transfixed with surprise. There was Mrs. Morrow carrying the baby about in her weary and trembling arms, her face flushed with the fatigue she had suffered; Mr. Morrow trotting little James in his night-gown, and poor Mr. Skates pacing the room with his handkerchief to his eyes, convulsively sobbing.

"What on earth *is* the matter? I'm scared to death!" shrieked Mrs. Skates, almost in hysterics. The two children both screamed louder than ever at sight of their mother, and were only pacified when she had them both in her arms.

"What *is* the matter?" again groaned Katy, ready to faint with alarm. "Husband—dear Mrs. Morrow, do tell me?"

"Your husband is in some trouble, madam," replied Mr. Morrow, kindly; "I presume he will like best to explain it to you alone. Mrs. Morrow, shall we withdraw, if we can be of no farther service?"

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow retired, and then Katy tearfully threw her arms around her husband's neck, and begged to know what had happened to occasion so much distress. Amidst tears and choking sobs, Mr. Skates informed his lady that several very heavy bills had that evening been presented to him from their hostess, jewellers, merchants, &c., and that he had nothing to pay one of them with; he had taken up his wages three months in advance, for her pocket-money, and his employers had called him an extravagant knave, and refused to trust him, or to employ him any longer. He was a ruined man, and "he wished to the mercy he had never been wheedled to the city by a couple of crazy critters!"

Katy was very much shocked, and her tears flowed profusely. But she said she knew Sophronia would lend them the money to meet this emergency, and then they would begin again, and go on nicely. Mr. Skates wiped his eyes, and declared he wouldn't begin again, *not there*; if he could get out of *this* scrape, he would go home to his business, and be a man again. Mrs. Skates pouted resolutely at that. She would not go back into obscurity—indeed she wouldn't,—after once getting foothold in genteel life; to which Mr. Skates responded

that "she *would* go, or he'd quit her, and she might take care of herself."

Poor Katy cried all night, and in the morning she hastened to Miss Thompson's boarding-place, to tell her of the unfortunate position her husband was in, and ask her for the cash to help them out of their unexpected difficulties.

Miss Thompson looked like a thunder-cloud. "Don't come to me, Mrs. Skates!" she snarled out. "This is really a pretty coming out at the little end of the horn! Why didn't you count the cost before you went into such extravagance, to see if you could weather it? I haven't a cent to spare for nobody. I lent all I had to the Hon. Capt. Powers, and he has run away, nobody knows where, and left me only my clothes, the old rascal! Oh, if I could only catch him I'd mince him up, indeed I would!"

It was very evident that Miss Thompson either could not assist them, or was not in the mood to do it if she could. The story was true that the "Hon. Capt." had persuaded her that three thousand dollars would be as safe in his pocket as it would be in a bank, and a great deal safer, besides yielding her an enormous percentage. He had squandered the whole sum in "riotous living," and now that his creditors began to clamour and threaten, the "Hon. Capt." had made a precipitate and inglorious retreat. Sophronia was bankrupt;—her whole fortune that she was going to be a lady for ever upon, was entirely gone in the most provoking manner possible, and no wonder her manner was somewhat ruffled at the prospect of dropping out of the patrician ranks, to cut only a private figure among the working-classes again.

Mrs. Skates returned home very much dejected and very miserable, and Mr. Skates fretted unmercifully that Sophronia had got them into the tangle, and then couldn't help them out.

Good Mr. Morrow, however, came to the rescue. He furnished money to pay all the bills, and to take Mr. and Mrs. Skates back again to the country cottage, together with a short chapter of the very best advice concerning contentment, and the respectability of honest industry.

As a kind Providence would have it, the tenant to whom Mr. Skates had rented his house had failed to come, and there it stood all ready for them to be happy in again. Every echo seemed to say "Welcome!" as they ran from room to room as gleefully as delighted children; and, with the aid of their kind but somewhat inquisitive neighbours, they were soon reinstated in their dear little home. It seemed like a paradise, perfectly free from trouble of every nature. Mr. Skates could

have kissed for joy and love every "awl" and "last" in his shop, and the very pieces of leather he had forsaken in the hour of his ambition smelt and felt deliciously. His first effort was to restore to Mr. Morrow, his benefactor, the amount with which he had accommodated him, accompanied by the most stylish pair of boots he could make, and a neat and tasteful pair of wrought slippers from Katy to Mrs. Morrow.

Mrs. Skates was completely cured of her turn for city life and false gentility. She had learned a lesson that made her a better and happier woman and wife as long as she lived. Though somewhat sensitive for a while on the result of her city experiment, she soon became entirely rational, and talked of it, as indeed it was, a most unwise and unpardonable stretch of a foolish ambition, which attempted a sunward flight on the frailest waxen wings; and she hesitated not at all to criminate herself

alone, and to bless the event, though painful enough in experience, which had opened their eyes, and driven them back to the sphere—a sphere of real usefulness,—they were qualified to occupy, and to the profitable business they were qualified to prosecute.

Cousin Sophronia bore her misfortune with far less meekness and wisdom. It galled and soured her sour spirit into melancholy and misanthropy. She wrote not a single word to Mrs. Skates for a whole year, and then it was to say that "she had never heard a word from the Hon. Capt. Powers, but she hoped the gallus had got him;—his wife had run away with somebody, and that the daughters were out to service, and she was glad of it. For herself, she had been obliged to fall back upon her detestable old trade, and she constantly went out to custom work, and she feared that both she and they must resign themselves to be what they were before—jest nobody!"



## HAGAR AND HER SON.

BY MISS E. W. BARNES.

WHEN in the wilderness she prayed,  
Deserted, suffering and dismayed,  
God heard her fervent prayer;  
From his high throne in heaven above,  
Sustained her with his arms of love,  
And made her all his care.

Forth sprang cool waters to the light,  
To bless the mother's ardent sight,  
And save her dying boy;  
She clasped him to her breaking heart.  
With hope God only could impart,  
With gratitude and joy.

If e'er this world to thee should seem  
An arid wilderness, a dream  
Of darkness, doubt, and ill,  
Look thou to Heaven, and only there,  
Clasp thou thy hands in fervent prayer,  
And bend thee to his will.

Forth, in the desert's weary waste,  
Shall living waters flow, in haste  
Thy thirsting soul to bless;  
There such refreshment thou shalt find,  
That to Heaven's altar thou wilt bind  
Thy hopes of happiness.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

### HIS WORKS, GENIUS, AND CHARACTER.\*

BY WILLIAM LANDOR.

(See Portrait in front.)

IN nature, in personal character, and in every department of art, there is a quality of excellence which, even in the degree of its perfection, disappoints the efforts of description, and eludes the analysis of the critic, because it consists, not in the magnitude, energy, or splendour of the separate elements, but in the exquisiteness of the proportion, the harmony of the combination, the fineness of the pervading tone, the gentle animation with which it flatters each sympathy into delighted calmness, and wakes no uncomfortable earnestness of reaction. It absorbs and holds all our sensibilities, yet seems to be below, rather than above the measure of power, with which our minds are familiar, and to fall within the range of our own ambition, desire, or conception. More admiration would disturb the repose of our satisfaction; a more vigorous address to our intellectual apprehension would change the nature of the enjoyment. The ordinary degrees of this character we call the agreeable; the more poignant exhibitions of it, we qualify as charming.

To this class or order belong especially the writings of Mr. Irving. Their effect is uniformly pleasant:—we read with perpetual interest, and with the certainty of delight. Yet are we scarcely inclined to commend anything else than the general and composite impressions resultant from the whole. We are impressed with no very vivid respect for the author's mental powers or accomplishments, and carry away no decided impressions of vigorous or dexterous or felicitous effort. We are a little annoyed at being called upon for the reasons of our exclamations of pleasure. If asked our opinion of him, in the absence of his works, our impulse would perhaps be to speak somewhat depreciatingly. Yet while we read we were fascinated; and the enchantment shall assuredly renew itself so often as we come within the action of the strains that "lap us in Elysium." They are productions which communicate pleasure, rather than excite enthusiasm, and are more enjoyed than eulogized. The mystery of the performer seems to consist, not in creating an extraordinary work, but in

predisposing us, by some magic touch, to be ravished with that which is not greatly remote from common and moderate. The perusal of Mr. Irving's writings is like walking in some familiar lawn, or ordinary scene of nature, on a fine, soft morning in the early spring. Usual sights are around us, accustomed objects greet our senses; but to our transported nature they seem to be invested with influences, spiritual in their fineness, and spiritual in their power. A baptism from on high seems to descend upon our being, and to regenerate it into the vivid delicacy of childhood's sensibilities; and sense, as it transmits to the mind the impressions of outward things, refracts them into splendour. The grass is edged with a bright, glittering green that fairly bewilders the sight; the budding trees impregnate the air with a vital richness, which is not an odour, yet is rarer and more intoxicating than all odours; the cloudless sky, like an expanse of airy waters, wafting our consciousness into paradise, spreads around us, rather than above us; the woodsman's axe, the murmur of the full stream, the lowing of cattle,—for sounds seem to be enchanted into wandering messengers of eternity—startle us with wierd impressions that carry us beyond the confines of the material, the limited and the mortal. A lustrous atmosphere brings out each object truly, yet under such strong, aerial perspective, as renders everything picture-like. The softness of a dream envelopes the scene; but "the glory and the freshness" of an existence as much more fervent than reality, as reality itself is more fervent than a dream.

The acceptableness of Mr. Irving's works—the peculiar attraction which they have for every class of readers—illustrates an important truth in criticism, too much overlooked by writers, that in literature, more depends on manner than on style; and manner is an affair of the character more than of the intellect. Power, however great, if it be turbulent and unchastised, stimulates the passions while it impresses the mind; its moral influence excites more appetency than its mental action satisfies; and it leaves the reader disappointed and discontented in the very measure in which he has been moved. On the other hand, there is a tone of decency, decorum, refined reserve, and

\* The Works of W. Irving. New edition: New York, 1849-50.



intentional restraint in composition, which induces in the reader an answering concentration and restriction in feeling, of which he is in a situation to enjoy quiet and moderate interests with a delight at once earnest and calm. Something akin to this is felt in the company of high-bred people. The temper of moderated animation, the controlled and self-guarding attention, the avoidance of strong efforts, and the care with which each one seems to play below his full power, the subdued key to which everything is pitched, tends to create in each person a certain strenuous repose of the feelings which causes commonplace things in such a sphere to inspire pleasure and respect. That state in which sensibility is excited, and then voluntarily checked and drawn back upon itself, is the one of greatest impressibility to what is beautiful and intellectual. How remarkable and how delightful is the moral charm diffused by the mere personal deportment of a refined and thorough-bred gentleman. Very much like that is the spell of retiring dignity and elegant reserve which fascinates in Mr. Irving's writings. And when this sort of manner is found in conjunction with essential genius and genuine finished art, as in his case it undoubtedly is, the delight becomes as irresistible as it is undefinable.

Mr. Irving possesses but little invention. The attractiveness of his tales does not depend upon their material, upon their construction, upon the novelty, variety, or impressiveness of their incidents, upon an anxious crisis or a brilliant denouement, but upon the illustrative talent of the narrator, upon the innumerable occasional decorations that delight us into a forgetfulness of the purpose or want of purpose of the whole, and the pleasant sketches of costume, scenery, and manners which are hung along the conduct of the piece in such profusion, that it resembles at length a brilliant gallery of pictures, built for the display of its own treasures, and not to lead to some definite end. His conception of beauty is not rich or exquisite. In sentiment he is commonplace, dilute, and superficial. Of earnest, deep feeling, he can scarcely be said to have anything at all. Intellectual force or moral sensibility contribute little to his works. But let us not, therefore, suppose that those works are commonplace productions, or the author of them an ordinary person. Let us not imagine that because we cannot detect the seat of a power, or define its nature, components, or origin,—nay, because we can touch this point, and say it is not here, or knock upon that surface, and find for a response, that it issues not thence,—that any doubt is thrown upon the greatness, genuineness, or elevation of that power. In literature, and especially in that fine region in

which the genius of Mr. Irving moves, the more subtle and elusive the interest is, the more exalted and consummate is the art; the more evanescent the charm, the more potent is it, the more certain, and the more enduring. In such a department of pure art, to accomplish the greatest result with the least visible display of exertion is the highest triumph. To impress and conceal the source of the impression is mastery in its utmost. When once we are assured that a work is certainly impressive, the difficulty of detecting the range of that impressiveness enhances the glory of the production. We may talk of the slightness of Mr. Irving's composition; it is easy to make compositions as slight, but not easy to make slightness so effective.

Beauty is a thing of form and place; it may be detected, and analyzed, and reproduced. But infinitely higher and grander in its range, degree, and order, than beauty is grace; and that is an unsubstantial and unlocal essence. Beauty resides, definitely, in the work in which it is recognised; grace is an electric light evolved by the action of successive parts of the subject upon the mind. It is experimental, and not demonstrative. Certain and absolute in its action upon refined sensibilities, when searched out by the critical eye it is a nervous, flitting, evasive thing. It is the true Galatea of taste, which strikes us in spite of our will, and when we turn to seize it, has fled from our sight, and becomes visible only as it vanishes. It is on this account that ordinary critics, whose minds are always more active than their sentiments are delicate, generally fail to apprehend and appreciate this exalted quality. It is the source of that fresh, delightful fragrance which always exhales from Irving's writings.

In noting, therefore, the absence of great and commanding intellectual force, it will not be thought that we esteem Mr. Irving lightly; on the contrary, we regard him as an extraordinary and admirable artist, standing quite alone among his countrymen; not likely ever to be neglected, or ever to be rivalled. Of the genius of his pencil we shall speak hereafter, but looking at present only at the style and manner of his works, we find a grace as inherent as that of childhood; a gentle gaiety as variable yet as unfailing and as unfatiguing as the breezes of June; an indestructible presence of good taste, simplicity, and ease; qualities which, in their separate conception, seem to be slight, yet, in their conjoint effect, are the splendour of fame and the power of immortality. What renders the merit more singular in Irving is, that successful and inimitable as the charm is, it is obviously not spontaneous or unconscious. In strenuous simplicity he almost equals the poet whose stream of verse

reflects for ever the dewy lustre of the morning of English civility; but what in the Pilgrim of Canterbury's scenes is the natural dazzle of the hour, is, in Irving, clearly the noonday elaboration of profound and much-taught science. Such composition is, in a great degree, a process of rejection; a labour of excision and exclusion, in which, however, excess is fatal; and the full genius and true art of Irving can never be popularly understood, until we can see the weedings of the exquisite violet banks on which he gives us to repose and be intoxicated with purity of sensual bliss, or can analyze the lees of his cup of enchantment, which alone would disclose how composite is the formation of that liquor which, in its final distillation, is as clear and natural as the crystal gushings of the rock. The "mille decenter," which can be seen only in the general effect, are of infinitely greater value than the "mille ornatus," which the eye recognises and registers.

The prominent faculties in Mr. Irving's genius are OBSERVATION and FANCY. When they act in conjunction,—when quick and lambent Fancy touches with its quaint, kindling ray the fine particular truths which Observation has noted,—we have the brightest and most characteristic exhibitions of his powers.

The minute delicacy of his observation of outward life is remarkable. The eye has been to him a potent instrument of literary fame; it has played the part of a tireless gleaner in the fields of life, bringing in snatches of beauty and grace, trivial in themselves, but invaluable in their disposed and aggregated effect. Mr. Irving has obviously been through life a quiet yet busy watcher of the shapes, the colours, the changes of the landscape, the figures of trees, the forms, motions, and habits of birds, the looks and ways of animals, the appearances and physical peculiarities of men. So exact and special, in many instances, are the lines of description, that we cannot but suppose that it has been his custom, in viewing objects, to make notes upon the spot, or immediately after, so as to preserve the precise peculiarities of things which were afterwards to be worked up in sketches. As the subjects of the exercise of this faculty in him, however, are usually familiar or domestic, and therefore not especially dignified, the traits of observation are mostly hued by humour, or heightened by sentiment, or grouped in some inventive combination; and we meet few examples of incidents or scenes in nature, rendered with simple accuracy, as by historical portraiture of a real occurrence. Yet some such may be found, which challenge comparison with anything in literature, and which place the author in the highest class of faithful copyists of nature in her noblest simplicities,

and of art in its most gorgeous complexity. The picture, in Bracebridge Hall, of the eagle expelled from his resting-place, in the early morning, by the pinnacle of Heer Antony Vander Heyden, among the Highlands of the Hudson, is unrivalled in correctness and in power. "As they coasted along the basis of the mountains, the Heer Antony pointed out to Dolph a bald eagle, the sovereign of these regions, who sat perched on a dry tree that projected over the river, and, with eye turned upwards, seemed to be drinking in the splendour of the morning sun. Their approach disturbed the monarch's meditations. He first spread one wing, and then the other; balanced himself for a moment, and then, quitting his perch with dignified composure, wheeled slowly over their heads. Dolph snatched up a gun, and sent a whistling ball after him, that cut some of the feathers from his wing. The report of the gun leaped sharply from rock to rock, and awakened a thousand echoes; but the monarch of the air sailed calmly on, ascending higher and higher, and wheeling widely as he ascended, soaring up the green bosom of the woody mountain, until he disappeared over the brow of a beetling precipice." We have beheld that striking and impressive sight amidst the mountains of the West, and this account of it is as accurate as it is effective. The description of Henry the Seventh's chapel, in the Sketch Book, is equally remarkable in a very different style. It is a true Dusseldorff picture, minute in detail, dazzling in colouring, with a delightful bewilderment thrown over its actuality by cross-lights managed with consummate skill.

Fancy, as we have said, is the principal and most active of the creative powers of Mr. Irving, and to its predominance are due alike his most surpassing excellences and his only defects. To that it is owing that as a picturesque painter of material life in all its familiar phases, he shines without an equal. To that is owing the perpetual charm of unwearying liveliness, which commends him to us as a companion in the longest solitudes, and the best entertainer of brief moments of vacuity or gloom. But to this, also, in the exclusive way in which it exists in him, is owing that his works do little else than amuse; and that, too, only the lower and less intellectual portions of our nature. We wish not to diminish the regard that is due to a writer who has delighted us too often to dispose us to criticism; but in pleasing always he has foregone the possibility of pleasing ever in the highest degree; and in making himself perpetually liked, he has consented never to be enthusiastically admired, nor perhaps deeply respected. For the excess and over-cultivation of Fancy has been fatal to the exercise of the far greater



faculty of Imagination. Without staying to unfold the distinction between these two qualities in their entire nature, as seen in fiction, thought, feeling, and the whole action of intelligent man, we may note their difference, as far as the present purpose requires, in reference to the field where, in this instance, the diversity is chiefly illustrated, namely, in description. In an imaginative view of a scene, the mental consciousness of the person, or the moral character of the occasion, reacts upon the outward scene with such overpowering and transfusing energy, that all things around become but types and symbols,—nay, the very complements and visible parts,—of that which is within. You behold the scene, not as it is, but as it is felt or as it appears,—not in its actual condition, but as it is cast and reproduced in a speculum of thought or passion already warped or coloured by the master emotion. Everything is subordinated to one prevailing sentiment. Objects are not viewed in their details, but each part is considered in reference to the whole, and coloured by the notion of the whole. The spirit of totality and unity, derived from the singleness and intensity of the intellectual medium of conception, predominates. The action of fancy, however, is the opposite of all this.

The absence of imagination is obvious throughout the whole of Irving's writings. But to illustrate, in a single scene, how entirely humour in him is dependent on fancy, and not imagination, we may take the account of the Wacht-meester of Bearn Island, when the herald who had been sent by Governor Kieft arrived at the rebellious fort of Van Rensselaerstein, in the Knickerbocker annals. "In the fulness of time, the yacht arrived before Bearn Island, and Anthony the Trumpeter, mounting the poop, sounded a parley to the fortress. In a little while, the steeple-crowned hat of Nicholas Koorn, the wacht-meester, rose above the battlements, followed by his iron visage, and ultimately his whole person, armed, as before, to the very teeth; while one by one a whole row of Helderbergers reared their round burly heads above the wall, and beside each pumpkin-head peered the end of a rusty musket." This separation of the wacht-meester's person into a three-storied automaton, and this display of his mimic garrison, as in a mirror which leaves their vital consciousness unreflected, is extremely diverting, but it never could be the suggestion of any but an unimaginative mind.

As a double example of the perfection of a description of natural scenery in itself and wholly apart from imagination, and the failure of an attempt to represent the same scene imaginatively, may be cited the view around Tappan

Zee as Ichabod Crane rode towards it in the afternoon, and from it at midnight. The former of the two pictures is as follows: "As he journeyed along the side of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson, the sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sails hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air." An exquisite, a faultless piece of cabinet painting! undoubtedly drawn and coloured upon the spot. It is a portraiture of the scene as it is—abstractly—without reference to any state of feeling in the observer, or any prevailing sentiment in the narrative. In the *pendant* to this, the endeavour has been to exhibit the same locality in immediate relation with a peculiar condition of mind in the hero of the tale. "It was the very witching time of night when Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighbouring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed." Not thus would these objects have appeared to one who was in such a sensitive and excited condition of mind as presently to mistake an acquaint-



tance with a cloak over his head and a pumpkin on his saddle-bow, for the Headless Horseman of the Hollow carrying his cranium before him. The design of describing the nocturnal scene by sounds rather than by sights is a good one; but each particular noise instead of being represented in a manner to react with augmenting terror upon the fear-stricken sense of the traveller, is described in such a way as wholly to explain it away as a source of alarm, and to deprive it of the power of affrighting. The things are described not according to the law of terror within the mind of him on whom they were to operate, but according to the law of their actual state, as coldly viewed by an unexcited observer. The mast, which should have appeared as a strange, gleaming thing, weird and spectral, raising indefinite apprehensions, becomes a familiar and calming sight by being referred to a sloop, "riding quietly at anchor under the land." The distant bay of the watch-dog is well managed; but the drowsy crowing of the cock, which might with great effect have been made to have mysterious relation to the return of wandering ghosts to their sepulchral tenements, is brought back to quotidian unmeaningness by being made to proceed from a bird "accidentally awakened." The chirp which, heard at midnight, should have been an unknown signal, is elaborately portrayed as the soothing voice of the domestic and companionable cricket; and the awful bass from the marshes which, in lonely darkness, would have been an unlocal, bodiless horror, thrilling the nerves like a galvanic shock, is divested of all terror and of all dignity, by being the snort of a frog "sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed." Compare all this with one of Shakespeare's nights! Mr. Irving's failure in this case is to be ascribed to defect of imagination, and consequent excess of inappropriate and discordant detail.

Moreover, this constant following of the minutiae of a scene to turn them into picturesque effect—this constant subordination of reflective action to outward appearance—damps and enfeebles the intellectual power. The fine, strong, manly thought—the vigorous moral reflection—the commanding tone of rational sense—which form so potent and grand an element in the magic of Scott's creations, is not found in Irving. However, it is a false system to criticise a literary work according to what it has not. So viewed it is seen erroneously as the complement of some imagined whole, and has all its signs reversed. It is wiser as well as kindlier to consider a production of art under the view of what it is and has, and not of what it lacks.

In ideal pictures of inanimate nature, and

of animals, trees, and landscapes, Mr. Irving's microscopic fidelity in limning accomplishes some remarkable effects. He does not bring a scene before you by giving the general expression of it, or the leading characteristics, under the form of a mental conception, here and there rendered definite and particular by certain touches of detail. He paints every object separately and exquisitely, fixing your attention upon each in succession, and making the whole a series of special studies. He is in description what Backhuysen\* is in painting. So prominent is the perspective, so absolute the verisimilitude, that you seem to have the thing itself, rather than a representation of it. As a specimen of consummate skill in this way, we may take the picture of the inn-yard on a wet Sunday, in the story of the Stout Gentleman.

"I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world, than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crestfallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail, matted as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor."

Certainly this is nature itself,—only more so, as Hudson would say. That "more so," is just the difficulty.

The description in another part of *Bracebridge Hall*, of Lady Lilliecraft's dogs, is hardly inferior. "One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr—though Heaven defend me from such a Zephyr! He is fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty. The other is a little, old, gray-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn

into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight, that it seems to lift his feet from the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up in reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty."

In the same line of excellence may be placed the picture of the landscape, in the chapter of the Angler in the Sketch Book. "I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or was merely fringed by shrubs and bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream, as they break in upon his rarely invaded haunt; the kingfisher, watching them suspiciously from his dry tree, that overhangs the deep, black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise, letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log, on which he is sunning himself; and the panic-struck frog, plunging in headlong, as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around."

These are remarkable illustrations of the completeness and vividness with which an object or a scene can, by mere imitative description, be realized under your eye. This faculty we take to be Mr. Irving's *forte*; and its successful exercise by him has given rise to a school of writers, who, with less taste, but in some cases more power, have carried the style to an unlimited height of popularity, but quite beyond the domain of genuine art. We regard Mr. Irving's works as having furnished the original and model of Dickens's descriptive manner; and, if the former has more delicacy, softness, and grace, the other excels in force, range, and vividness. Has not the general portraiture of the species, "English Stage-coachman," in the Sketch Book, served as a preliminary study for the elder Weller in *Pickwick*? "He has commonly," says Irving, "a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted, and tucked in at the bosom; and has, in summer-time, a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole," &c., &c.

There can be no doubt of Mr. Irving's supremacy in this class or school. The only question is as to the comparative dignity and elevation of the school itself. For ourselves, we

may as well say at once, that we do not regard it as belonging to a high order of art. It implies an extremely nice observation, constantly and painfully engaged upon its task; but it involves no act of true creation, no exercise of veritable poetic power. The pictures have no atmosphere; the objects glare directly upon you without passing through any mental medium. Amused, astonished, and perhaps delighted with the work, you feel little respect or interest for the author. His character is not in his production. This is the style of all recent art. It is the school of Backhuysen, Achenbach, and Birkel. We make our protest against the whole cabal. We design, at a convenient opportunity, to deliver a full confession of our critical faith upon these topics. We deem an exposure of the pervading feebleness and falsity of the principle of this style, indispensable to rescue the youthful genius of our country from a fatal seduction. The vice of the art of this day, literary and pictorial, poetical and prose, and infecting authors and readers alike, consists in the excess of fancy, and the deficiency of imagination.

In respect to personal portraiture, Mr. Irving is an exquisite delineator of external manners, but has no power of representing character. He paints, not to the mind, by those intellectual touches which flash a complete subject into existence; nor to the conceptive faculty, by seizing those leading traits which draw all the accessories and dependents after them; but to the eye, by the transcription of every individual peculiarity in succession, each of which adds a modifying influence to those that went before, so that the effect is not complete until each stroke has been noted. He never gives you the interior, living, conscious man. You never get hold of the moral being of the creature. You have the mere *larva* of the person; the filmy shell of dress, carriage, and deportment, according to their pictorial impression. There is a complete absence of materiality from his people. They make no noise in walking. When they cross the mead, the grass is not pressed down under their feet. They seem, like Chinese figures in a landscape, to hang a foot or two up in the air. They are shadows; visionary toys in human shape; moving their limbs according as the author of their being draws the strings upon which they are hung; airy forms, flitting in an airy scene.

How different is the nature of Scott's creations! He seizes the moral and mental being of the subject of his pencil, and sets him before you as a real, breathing, earnest man. He brings out the exterior impression as strikingly and particularly as Irving; but he approaches it from within, and compasses it by



associating outward indications with inward and characteristic qualities. Compare the picture of Touchwood with that of General Harbottle! How clear and marked are the face, figure, and bodily peculiarities of the former; yet how living he is! How you feel his breath as he passes by; how uncomfortably his eye lies upon you. The elaboration of General Harbottle's exterior is infinitely greater; and, as a piece of outward picturing, nothing can be more complete:—"A soldier of the old school, with powdered head, sidelocks, and pig-tail:—his face shaped like the stern of a Dutch man-of-war, narrow at top, and wide at bottom, with full rosy cheeks, and a double chin;"—then, the meeting between himself and Lady Lillicraft: "The graciousness of her profound courtesy, and the air of the old school with which the General took off his hat, swayed it gently in his hand, and bowed his powdered head:"—and again, where he and Master Simon were playing the mischief with a buxom milk-maid in a meadow, their elbowing each other now and then, and the General's shaking his shoulders, blowing up his cheeks, and breaking out into short fits of irrepressible laughter,—how perfect the portraiture! Yet, with all, the General is not a living creature; he is a mere airy puppet, a shadowy coinage of the vision, existing for the reader's mind only, in those scenes and acts in which he is specially described, and nowhere else.

Humour, as an adopted tone of style, or a permanent habit of mind, is a striking characteristic of Mr. Irving's writings: it seems, however, to be not an original, inherent, spiritual capacity, but an effect resulting from the odd, grotesque action of the fancy and taste. It will be found, almost invariably, that the humorous character of his productions, is external and visible, arising from queerness of outward form, or combination, or allusion; it is humour to the sight, and not to the soul. Quaint, droll, comic,—what you will, in the line of diverting, laughter-moving conceit,—we can scarcely admit his possession of that grand, deep, pathetic, meditative inspiration, Humour,—a faculty which seems to be the combination and the key of all our nature's sympathies; which measures the highest flights of thought, searches the deepest recesses of feeling, and sits upon the firmest seat of sense: the wisest instinct of our minds, the kindest impulse of our hearts; a prompting always right, a guidance ever graceful; dignifying and endearing what it touches, and having relation to love rather than contempt. It would be neither fair nor practicable to compare the mirthfulness of Irving, with that of the great Cervantic mind, or with that which

was the fullest, strongest, most complex action of the mighty genius of Scott; any more than to liken the simple carollings of a shepherd's reed to the multitudinous, interlinked, and infinitely complicated harmonies of one of Handel's oratorios. But taking lower and smaller parallels, the humour of Addison is intellectual, that of Goldsmith moral, and that of Irving purely fanciful. In the author of the *Spectator*, the humorous seems to be the highest action of the rational; the last, and finest, and surest test of sense and argument of right. In Goldsmith, it grows out of a practical and feeling acquaintance with life, and a keen and shrewd, yet affectionate insight into the peculiarities and weaknesses of individual character, and the foibles, vanities, and innocent absurdities of domestic and social relations. In Irving, it is the humour of the picturesque and quaint. It is a ridiculing humour, founded on distortion and misrepresentation; not a genial, enjoying spirit arising from seeing into the depths of things. In plain truth, Irving is nothing more nor less than the most delicate, graceful, and exquisite of caricaturists.

As an illustration, that humour with Mr. Irving, lies in the exercise of fancy, that it exists in the outward and pictorial, and not mentally, and in ideas, we may refer to the opening chapters of *Knickerbocker's History*. We are told, in a late prologue, that they were intended to burlesque the pedantic lore displayed in certain American works; and the task is long and laboriously followed out. Yet how dull, vapid, and ineffective is the toil. The whole thing is a failure. It is not until we come to the second book, and the portraits of Hendrick Hudson and his mate Jewit, and the Good Vrouw, that we feel one genuine emotion of merriment, and recognise the cunning of a master.

A sense of the humorous, morally or intellectually, is a sure preservative against extravagance or bad taste; and the extent to which Mr. Irving's drollery is merely a work of the fancy, and of kin to caricature, may be seen in the numerous instances, especially in his earlier writings, in which bizarre conceptions degenerate into mere witless farce, exciting no amusement whatever. Such, we suppose, to be the account of the escape of Communipaw from the Virginia fleet, by the burghers falling to work and smoking their pipes at such a rate, as wholly to conceal the country; and the account of the origin of the name of Anthony's Nose in the Highlands. The latter story is, that as Anthony, the Governor's trumpeter, whose nose was of a very burly size, was sailing up the Hudson, he leaned over the quarter-railing of the gal-



ley early one morning, to contemplate it in the glassy wave below. "Just at this moment, the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendour from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel," &c., &c. If that is humour, we must confess our incapacity to perceive it. According to our impression, the greater part of Knickerbocker's History consists of the farcical rather than the humorous; we pronounce it infinitely droll, but we do not laugh.

In dealing with the pathetic, it is equally obvious, that Mr. Irving's power is not that of reflection, but of operating by visible images. In the Sketch Book, under the title of Rural Funerals, there are some meditations upon the influence of death upon the affections, which have become rather famous in *Elegant Extracts*. They are commonplace, overstrained, affected. But turn to the story of the Widow and her Son, and you will find that the selection of incidents, to bring out all the tender pathos of the tale, manifests a surpassing and resistless art. The first view which we have of the mother, in church:—"A poor, decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities: the lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar." Then the burial, when the mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of the coffin at the grave:—"Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart." Then, her first appearance in the village on the following Sunday:—"She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black ribbon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show." These are the matchless strokes of genius, and show us that, however Mr. Irving may disappoint, when he deals with abstract reflections and thoughts, he never wanders when he follows the guidance of a visionary eye, inerrant in its truth, and unrivalable in its simple power.

The qualities which we recognise in Mr. Irving, of a mild yet lively fancy, and a refined

taste, render him peculiarly well adapted to excel in narrative; and there he certainly assumes a position of especial and distinctive superiority. Walpole has remarked that simple narrative, in English, is one of the rarest and most difficult enterprises of literary art; and if the reason which he gives for it be not sound, at least the fact is verified by all experience. Gibbon was master of every form of style except this; Robertson, when he shone the most, was farthest from it; Hume alone approached tolerably near to the standard, yet even in his pages we find ourselves following the progress of a philosopher's views, rather than a history of national events. Bancroft cannot narrate at all, and Prescott only with labour and fatigue. But Irving is always simple, direct, onward, informing, yet elegant, lively, and agreeable. The pleasantness which he diffuses over subjects the most barren or the most uncomfortable, arises chiefly from the instinctive quietness with which he seizes everything that is capable of being turned to picturesque effect, and employs it to shed light and grace upon the scene. The art of this system consists in the gentleness and fineness of the frequent rays which are thus shed abroad, and in the absence of strong, startling, and extraordinary lights. Instead of an occasional blaze diffused from prominent points, each incident, object, and interest is made mildly luminous by the lustre of a fancy almost imperceptible in its separate operation. It is by such a process that we are made to follow a troupe of adventurers across the disgusting sterilities of the northwestern territories with the same delighted spirit with which we should tread the flowery vales of Cashmere, radiant with odours and ringing with the voices of birds. The unexhausted vigour, the delicate moderation, the consummate judgment with which in Astoria the resources of fiction are exerted to beautify the truth without distorting it, and to improve its tone without disturbing its form, are entitled to all admiration and all imitation. In some instances, in which he has allowed his pencil to leave its more brilliant touches upon the canvass, he has reached, in that work, the finest pictures that ever came from his genius. Such may be considered the narrative of the visit of Mackenzie and his companions to the village of Wish-ram, to demand the rifle of which an earlier traveller had been despoiled, and which was known to be retained as a trophy. There are no flourishes of fiction in the detail: the truth of the story is severely maintained, but the glow and splendour of poetry are given by merely supplying from general conceptions some touches of pictorial power which undoubtedly existed in the original occurrence.

"Mackenzie offered to cross the river and demand the rifle, if any one would accompany him. It was a hair-brained project, for these villages were noted for the ruffian character of their inhabitants; yet two volunteers promptly stepped forward, Alfred Seton, the clerk, and Joe de la Pierre, the cook. The trio soon reached the opposite side of the river. On landing, they freshly primed their rifles and pistols. A path winding for about a hundred yards among rocks and crags, led to the village. No notice seemed to be taken of their approach. Not a solitary being, man, woman, or child, greeted them. The very dogs, those noisy pests of an Indian town, kept silence. On entering the village a boy made his appearance, and pointed to a house of larger dimensions than the rest. They had to stoop to enter it; as soon as they had passed the threshold, the narrow passage behind them was filled by a sudden rush of Indians, who had before kept out of sight.

"Mackenzie and his companions found themselves in a rude chamber of about twenty-five feet long, and twenty wide. A bright fire was blazing at one end, near which sat the chief, about sixty years old. A large number of Indians, wrapped in buffalo robes, were squatted in rows, three deep, forming a semicircle round three sides of the room. A single glance sufficed to show them the grim and dangerous assembly into which they had intruded, and that all retreat was cut off by the mass which blocked up the entrance.

"The chief pointed to the vacant side of the room opposite to the door, and motioned for them to take their seats. They complied. A dead pause ensued. *The grim warriors around sat like statues; each muffled in his robe, with his fierce eyes bent on the intruders.* The latter felt they were in a perilous predicament.

"'Keep your eyes on the chief while I am addressing him,' said Mackenzie to his companions. 'Should he give any sign to his band, shoot him, and make for the door.'

"Mackenzie advanced, and offered the pipe of peace to the chief, but it was refused. He then made a regular speech, explaining the object of their visit, and proposing to give in exchange for the rifle two blankets, an axe, some beads, and tobacco.

"When he had done, the chief rose, began to address him in a low voice, but soon became loud and violent, and ended by working himself up into a furious passion. He upbraided the white men for their sordid conduct in passing and repassing through their neighbourhood without giving them a blanket or any other article of goods, merely because they had no furs to barter in exchange; and he alluded, with menaces of vengeance, to the death of the

Indians killed by the whites at the skirmish at the Falls.

"Matters were verging to a crisis. It was evident the surrounding savages were only waiting a signal from the chief to spring upon their prey. Mackenzie and his companions had gradually risen on their feet during the speech, and had brought their rifles to a horizontal position, the barrels resting in their left hands; the muzzle of Mackenzie's piece was within three feet of the speaker's heart. They cocked their rifles; *the click of the locks for a moment suffused the dark cheek of the savage,* and there was a pause. They coolly but promptly advanced to the door; the Indians fell back in awe, and suffered them to pass. *The sun was just setting as they emerged from this dangerous den.* They took the precaution to keep along the tops of the rocks as much as possible on their way back to the canoe, and reached their camp in safety, congratulating themselves on their escape, and feeling no desire to make a second visit to the grim warriors of the Wish-ram."

The Life and Voyages of Columbus, however, constitute the most felicitous of the more dignified efforts of Mr. Irving's pen. It is impossible that the story of the sublime old tar can ever be told in a manner more thoroughly delightful. It is a "tale to hold children from play, and old men from the children's corner." You move upon enchanted ground, and every sight and every sound is framed for charming. But this praise implies some grave defects. The determination to make everything picturesque and entertaining is fatal to the truth of the subject. Delays, disgusts, hardships, oppressions, treacheries, and all the harsh, stern elements of the reality, instead of being exhibited in those rough, strong colours which would have kindled a manly sympathy in the reader's heart to make their rudeness welcome, are enamelled in a style of sketchy delicacy of outline and hue, that wholly betrays the genuine qualities of the subject. The rage for catching the picturesque in external effect frequently causes an utterly false notion of the moral aspect of the occasion to be rendered: the eye is fascinated and misled by the visible, material conception of what, intellectually, may be of a directly opposite nature. Thus the picture of Columbus's long and weary suit at the court of Spain, instead of being fully brought out in its uncomfortable and degrading reality, which might annoy the sensibilities of the reader, is touched up with images of romantic scenery which convert the dulness of the period into brilliant and poetic interest. These years were passed, it would seem, amid scenes of peril and adventure, following up the court in striking situations of



wild, rugged, and mountainous war; attending the sovereigns at sieges of Moorish cities, and fighting himself in the dashing forays that gave a zest to the war; until at length "Columbus beheld Muley Boabdil, the elder of the two rival kings of Granada, surrender in person all his remaining possessions and his right to the crown to the Spanish sovereigns." It is indeed a very curious study to a literary artist, to observe with what diligent dexterity the historian has mixed up the figure of Columbus with the persons, scenes, occurrences of the day, with whom we associate sentiments of romantic interest; how the gloom of unsuccessful conferences is relieved by the gorgeous costumes of cardinals, and bishops, and noble dames; how the splendid trappings of royalty flit before the dazzled sight; until, at last, the period of this long attendance fills our thoughts as the most entertaining portion of Columbus's life. To the imagination and feelings of the reader the whole thing is an enchanting falsehood. It is really the feebleness and not the force of art which, unable to manage the strong contrasts that should have brought out the noble harmony of the sublime story, levels all in one insipid melody. Moreover the dreamy, Arcadian style of the narrative causes a complete want of those definite, sharp particularities which, in a history, are indispensable; and which, after all, give an interest and an effect which all the flakes of sentiment and fancy, however accumulated, cannot supply. For example, in attempting to impress us with a notion of the frailty and slightness of the vessels in which Columbus embarked upon his awful mission of exploration, he describes two of them as "light barks not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days;" open and without decks, &c.; but he nowhere mentions their tonnage. If he had told us that one of the vessels was of only fifteen tons, which is the fact, we should have had a far more vivid conception of the daring of this enterprise. But Mr. Irving is too nice a gentleman to deal in vulgar statistics. The consequence of this style of dainty selection and exquisite indistinctness is that we cannot determine whether we are reading a professed fiction or an intended history. The pictures lack that individuality and force which tell us that we are looking at a portrait and not at a fancy-piece. While we read we are held as by a wondering spell, but when we close the volume, the "*incredulus odi*" succeeds, and we long for a real history of the times, so that we may know how much of the fairy tale we have read is true. In the history of the siege of Granada this puzzle between truth and fiction becomes absolutely offending. We feel as if the chronicler was trifling with us. The essence of

romance is poured out in such profusion as to become sickening. In attempting to throw a perfume on the flowers of natural truth he seems to have spilt the bottle of attar, and the nosegay is fairly fetid with artificial and excessive odour.

The work upon which Mr. Irving's fame as a literary creator and artist will rest in future times is, no doubt, the Sketch Book. The variety of its materials, the refinement mingled always with natural and familiar ease, the adaptation of its topics and tone to the general sympathy, the union of Italian brilliance with Flemish fidelity in the sketches, render it justly a favourite with all. Walpole used to say, that an author's genius usually comes into flower at some period of his life. And probably there will be little difference of opinion upon the point that the Sketch Book is the perfect flower of all of Irving's faculties. Bracebridge Hall falls entirely below it. The design of that work cannot be regarded as a happy one; and objectionable as at best it is, the execution of the scheme is such as to develop new faults. In the first place, the plan or groundwork of the thing is misconceived; and the misconception springs from that want of imagination which we have spoken of. The purpose of the work is to sketch the ancient poetic manners of the English people, especially in their country life; and with a view to add the interest of a present scene to the beauty of old romance, the author supposes a character devotedly attached to all bygone customs, and passing his life in an endeavour to realise the life of the past in all the usages upon his own estate. Now, in order that such moral anachronism as Mr. Irving conceives, should be at all probable or possible, the first requisite is that the person from whom it originates should be represented as a man of ardent poetic genius, identifying himself by force of creative energy with the spirit of long-departed institutions, and able, by the enthusiasm and force of his character, to infect all around him with the same illusion. Such is not Mr. Irving's Squire; and it is against all consistency, that the commonplace, feeble, vacant creature whom he introduces to us as the proprietor of the Hall, should develop from his own temper, against all surrounding influences, the beautiful elaboration of ideal existence which is exhibited to our view, and that his dependants, stewards, woodmen, and farmers, should breathe the atmosphere of his mind instead of their own actual and real consciousness. The primary and indispensable conditions of the scene are violated. We feel, therefore, in reading this work, a sense of falsity and difficulty. A vigorous imagination



would have kept the author from this failure. But the literary defects of Bracebridge Hall are also striking. To refine the critical perceptions and sentiments by diligent familiarity with older models, and to reproduce the spirit of Addisonian grace, might be a worthy ambition; but to subordinate the mind and character to the local and temporary form of a particular passage,—to labour to observe, think, and speak precisely upon the example of the Spectators—to make not a rational imitation, but a mechanical mimicry—is not a very lofty or a very wise employment of genius. As far even as this design is intentionally carried out, it is not successfully done. While the endeavour to imitate Addison is palpable and displeasing, the constant intervention of phrases and even particular words, which are wholly modern and American, exposes the falsity of the counterfeit, and even gives an air of vulgarity to that which, properly used, might have had the dignity of genuineness. It will be observed that the attempt to impart an Addisonian air to the style, consists chiefly in the frequent use of certain expressions which are the accidental peculiarities of the model;—"I could not help observing"—"I am apt to find or to think"—"A very tolerably scholar," &c. But in the midst of these the constant recurrence of such words as "I noticed," and half a dozen others, which are neither Addisonian nor English, not only breaks the illusion, but converts it into an imposture. A greater difficulty, however, is that the imitation is not kept up, and in the nature of the case, could not be kept up. For, the moment

that the author becomes warmed, and his mind gets into vigorous play, such is the sympathy between thought and style, that as the former grows earnest the latter becomes characteristic and genuine. This transition from the falsetto of an affected Addisonianism to the natural tones of individual truth, causes the tales, fine and musical as they are, to displease by inappropriateness. Take, for instance, in the early chapters of Bracebridge Hall, the paragraphs about family servants, and about the duties of women *after they are married*, where the author gives vent to his own serious and sober feelings and opinions upon interesting subjects. They are beautifully written, but have not a touch of the false antiquity of the rest; and this partial change of the key throws everything into discord. It is like a man who, acting a part under a false-face, thrusts out his own features from the mask whenever he has anything particularly clever to say.

Of Mr. Irving's works, generally, it may be observed, that in a grammatical point of view, the style is delicate rather than pure, and more exquisite than correct. His use of words is not exact; indeed, we constantly meet with expressions which it surprises us that a man of good education should, even in the greatest carelessness, let fall. Such phrases as the following: "the creaking of the cords seemed to *agonize her*," in "The Widow and her Son;" "he *emerged his head* out of his shell," in Bracebridge Hall; "whom he thoughtfully entitled of being classed," &c., in the same place; are among several that struck us upon our recent perusal of a couple of volumes.

## NO MORE.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

No more!

Oh! never more those lips will part  
To thrill again my aching heart,  
And cool the fever of my brain  
With their melodious, sweet refrain;  
Oh voice of sweetest music!—voice  
That warbled thoughts so pure and choice!—  
The hush of death is on thee—death!—  
And I shall feel thy summer breath

No more!

No more!

Thine eyes so tender and so blue,  
And clear as summer morning dew—  
That ever gazed into mine  
With love, as mine did into thine,  
Are closed for ever, and their light  
Is faded into darkest night;  
And I their depths into shall gaze,  
As in the former happy days,

No more!

No more!

Upon that forehead white and fair,  
Upon that cheek so rich and rare;  
Thy wavy hair—thy golden hair,  
Floating dreamily on the air;  
Upon the smiles which wreathed thy face  
With such a glorious, touching grace,  
My eyes—with weeping red and sore—  
Shall gaze, oh never, never more!

No more!

No more!

I heard thy last "good-by," and kissed  
From off thy brow the cold death-mist,  
I saw thy lips grow white as snow  
From pain, when thou didst suffer so;  
I saw thee in thy coffin—wept—  
God knows!—and thou unheeding slept;  
But where thou art, in thy dear home,  
Shall tears and partings to thee come

No more!

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD STAGE-COACH.

BY SARAH ROBERTS.

I HAVE heard an old saying, "one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," and I am a living, I might say dying, example of its truth—dying; yes, a lingering, torturing death, both to body and mind—to my body, for I am cast off outside of the coach-house, where I once resided in dignity and importance, my wheels taken off, my windows broken, one door off, and the other, without a fastening, swings to and fro, the sport of every idle breeze. No one, to see my exterior, would ever imagine I was the gay red and gilt coach that once rode proudly through the streets. What with neglect and time I have become so rheumatic and rickety, that life is fast becoming a burden. Last winter I suffered more than ever. If you will believe it, ye pitying public, I was filled with snow and ice all winter, and had not the sun been more merciful to me than man, I should have been so still. I say a torturing death to my mind; for directly in sight and sound of my poor eyes and ears the railroad passes, and those gloomy, long, funereal-looking cars whirling and whizzing before me a dozen times a day, with their triumphant air, add fuel to my misery. Here they come now, snorting, and puffing, and blowing, with that ugly monster before them—I would not move at all, if I could not move in a more Christian way. How vulgar it is always to be in such a hurry. I would not condescend to race myself to death for all the business or pleasure in the world; no one can ever accuse me of such want of dignity and suitable gravity—three miles an hour, or four at the outside, was always enough for my health or safety, and that of the world, too, in old times—but the world has changed, and myself, once the pride of man, am become an object of contempt, nay, even of ridicule.

The school children still love me, and often after school, the happy little things come and jump into me, until I am quite filled again with merry little faces, and then they shout and whistle, and cry, "Get up, old coach!" I wish I could.

Often in my loneliness I muse upon the scenes and events of bygone days; and many a touching tale of joy and sorrow I might tell. I would write my autobiography were my

strength equal to it; but, as that is impossible, a few desultory recollections of my youth, I trust, will suffice to rescue my name from oblivion.

I was always of an observing, sympathizing nature, and I carefully scrutinized and studied the various characters of those who passed the day in my company, and treasured up, from conversation, many useful facts and lessons. How I loved to draw up before the boarding-school at vacation, and be filled to overflowing (for there was always a scramble for the outside seat) with gay, free-hearted, frolicsome schoolboys, so full of fun and mischief. There they stood, in a crowd at the gate, looking down the road for me; and, as I came in sight, the joyful cry of "The coach, the coach!" echoed far and wide. How glad I felt for them, and never enjoyed a ride more, than when in their company. But there were two brothers I especially loved; handsome, noble-looking little fellows—so gentle and loving to each other too—they lived on a beautiful estate that we passed on our road to town; and how charming was the scene when we arrived there. Three lovely little girls, beautiful and graceful as fairies, with two large hounds, and a gray-headed porter, always stood at the gate to welcome them home; again was heard the joyful cry of "The coach, the coach! there is Maurice and Charley coming." How happy they all looked as the brothers alighted, and caressed them all, hounds and all, old porter and all. Often as the coachman was taking off their trunks, I caught the sight, in the distance, of a tall, gentle, sweet-looking lady in a white dress, running towards them, and the cry of "Dear mother!" rent the air. But then again I felt so sorry for them when vacation was over; how sadly they all looked, even the hounds, and tears filled the eyes of the sweet lady, as she uttered a fervent "God bless and keep you, my dear boys!" Oh! it was a dull ride for them, always, back to school; but, alas! they did not always go together. I, one day, conveyed their tearful, anxious mother to the school; Maurice lay ill of a fever. I then conveyed there wise and grave physicians, then their father, then the clergyman—all was

unavailing. Maurice, the first-born, the pride, the beloved, died. Charley returned home with his agonized parents, and six months after I took him back to school, but oh how changed; he looked pale, sad, and lonely; "all mirth was gone." The poor hounds howled piteously at the gate, as if they thought he would never return; and the old porter and the children seemed heart-broken. I wept for them. Charley never seemed like himself again; he seemed suddenly to have grown into an old man.

But all the scholars were not like Maurice and Charley, nor all homes like theirs. One sad, lonely little orphan I used to take home to a cold, stern-looking guardian, who lived in a tall, gloomy house; the little fellow had a shy, unhappy face; and one might read in it a history of a motherless childhood. I always thought he seemed happier returning to school.

Men of business often annoyed me by their foolish haste; and often so far forgot themselves, as to make such ungentlemanly remarks as these: "It does seem to me the old coach goes slower than ever;" or, "I could walk faster, I think;" or, "Driver, do whip up a little." I had often a great mind to stop entirely, and leave them on the roadside. My motto always was, "There is time enough for everything, and haste makes waste."

How often has my anger been kindled to see a half-intoxicated, red-faced, impudent fellow, with a cigar in his mouth, seat himself opposite the modest little milliner I took up to town twice a year, for the *fashions*, she said (I always hated the word, it has ruined me), and annoy her with his impertinent stare and questions. The pretty schoolmistress I took home in the country at vacations, was once so alarmed at one of these low, bold fellows, that had it not been for a sunburnt, honest Jack Tar, rough enough outside, with a face as bold as a lion, but a heart like a girl, who defended her from his drunken politeness, I would have tipped the jackanapes out of the window.

I well remember the glad groups I brought together at Thanksgiving and Christmas; the joyous meetings, and then again the sad partings of some who were to meet no more on earth. I could tell many a tale of them. One must suffice. It was just before Christmas; the ground was rough and hard frozen. I took in a young and handsome couple of the higher circles in life, loving and happy, and one sweet lovely child of two years, with long, golden curls, large, beaming dark eyes. He seemed the idol of both parents, and the admiration of all the passengers; attracting them all by his peculiar beauty, by the taste and neatness of his dress, and by his winning ways. The parents held him by turns, and seemed fearful to trust him from their hold; when he was

weary, they amused him with stories of his grandmother he was going to visit, of Santa Claus' Christmas gifts, &c., &c.

We had just turned a corner of the road, when a carriage and four horses came dashing towards us in a furious headlong manner, without a driver. I turned as rapidly as possible to escape collision, but our horses took fright; I was upset and dragged some distance on the ground. I know not how the horses were stopped, or how I was righted; it was, however, done; but what sounds of mourning and agony I heard; for many of the passengers were much bruised and otherwise injured, and oh, horrible to relate! the lovely boy, at the time of the overthrow, was leaning from the window, and his head being forcibly struck on the stones, he was killed, yes, he was quite dead. The shrieks and groans of the parents rent the air; never can I forget their agony and despair. I was not materially injured; there was no house within several miles, and, amid groans and tears, we pursued our way. The first house we reached was the place of destination of the young couple. As we drove up to the door of the respectable, antique abode, it was opened by a pleasant, kind-looking old lady in a gray silk dress, and a cap and kerchief in ancient style, as white as new-fallen snow. The shrieking mother sprang from the coach almost in a state of insanity, and the father followed nearly in the same condition, bearing the corpse of his idolized and only child, as fresh and beautiful as he had looked a few hours before when in life and glee, before death, in such an awful and tragical manner, had set his seal on his young face. The old lady swooned; I saw no more, but bore with me an aching heart for many a day after.

How I loved to carry old ladies round to see their married sons and daughters. I loved to see the meeting of the young sailor-boy with his widowed mother, and the sweet sisters of his childhood. I loved to take the lover to his mistress, and catch a sight of the sweet, young face peeping through the green blind to see him alight, too timid to rush to the door, though I knew well how her heart was beating.

I loved to stop with a heavy bundle to the poor lame woman, in the white cottage, from her kind son in town, who often sent her, from his scanty earnings, tokens of his gratitude and love.

And brides—how many young and lovely creatures have I taken from their childhood's homes, full of hope, and eager for life's pleasures! and many disappointed and widowed spirits have I returned heart-broken to the parental arms. One more recollection, sadder I think, to me than all the rest, must close my reminiscences for the present. Oh, what a



lovely, glorious being, I thought to myself, as one morning we stopped for passengers before a rather dilapidated, but once elegant mansion, as at the door appeared a young girl, who, from her dress and appearance, I knew to be the bride of a dark, stern-looking man at her side, as old as her father. They came a few steps down the gravel walk, when she suddenly quitted his arm, and ran back to the house with a step and movement as light and graceful as a fairy's. Her husband followed her, and they soon reappeared at the door, but the lovely bride was clinging to the neck of her mother, and both in an agony of tears. "You promised to be calm," dear Mabel, said her mother, "and your husband says he will certainly bring you home next summer, and one year will pass rapidly away. The gaieties of the city will quite compensate you for leaving your mother and your quiet country home." Her husband then spoke to her in a low voice, and probably hastened her departure; as she suddenly, with an effort, left her mother, and followed her husband to the coach. She drew her veil closely over her face, and sobbed convulsively for a few minutes, and then sunk into a state of silent despondency.

We left them, in the city, at a grand, noble-looking house in one of its most fashionable streets.

A year passed away. I had almost forgotten the occurrence, when I observed, one morning, we drew up again before the elegant mansion. The same dark, stern man, looking darker and sterner than ever, appeared at the door, leading forth, but oh! how changed, the same lovely lady. Her dress, which before was scrupulously plain, rich, and genteel, was now of a most gaudy, fantastic style; feathers, flowers, and ribands, in inglorious confusion, seemed dispersed over her whole person. She was laughing and talking very loudly and gaily, and ran forward to the coach in great glee. She commenced talking with great volubility to all the passengers, paying no heed to her husband, who frequently chided and tried to silence her. As we descended a hill rapidly she cried out, "How fast we dance, how fast we dance, and here's quick music;" so saying, she struck up in a powerful, rich voice some gay air, and continued singing for a long time, without heeding the commands of her husband for silence.

What was my horror when I discovered that this cherished, lovely young creature was a maniac. We left them at her father's, and from the conversation in the coach afterwards I learned her sad story. She had given her heart's best and fondest love to a young cousin who had been educated with her, and without the knowledge of her parents had betrothed

herself to him. He loved her passionately, but having only a small patrimony, was dependent upon his talents and industry for wealth and advancement in life. Her mother would gladly have made her child happy in her own way; but her father, on hearing it, swore she should never marry a beggar, accused his nephew of ingratitude, drove him from his house, and told his daughter he had already betrothed her to a friend of his own, a gentleman of wealth and influence, and that in three months she must be his bride.

Mabel wept, and pined, and pleaded in vain; her father had been wasteful and extravagant, had dissipated his fortune, and was under pecuniary obligations to his friend, which were to be cancelled, and a handsome annuity allowed him, on the event of his marrying his daughter.

Of all the friends who visited her father, none ever appeared so formidable, so morose and distasteful to Mabel as the one selected for her husband; but in vain she told her father of her repugnance, nay, even hatred towards him, and of her deep love for another; he was resolute, stern, and unflinching; his nature was cold, selfish, and unfeeling, and his heart void of principle and affection. She was almost dragged to the altar, the grief and sympathy of her adored mother alone supporting her. She found she had married a man who was a fit companion and friend for her father, who, satisfied with having a beautiful and elegant woman to preside at his house, thought nothing more of her, or of her happiness, than he did of a piece of statuary. Her young, warm feelings were crushed. She mourned, day after day, in solitude for her lover, for her mother, for the gentle sympathies of life. She was chilled, heart-broken—death or madness must have ensued, and she became a maniac. Oh, sweet, sweet Mabel! how my heart bleeds at thy wrongs, thy sufferings, thy sad, sad fate. And did thy father *feel* at last, living upon thy ruin? Could his cancelled debts, his easy independence, compensate him for his maniac child? I never heard his fate; the recollections overpower me.

I am too feeble to write more. I trust the kind public will pardon the inelegancies of my style, as my busy and active life precluded me from the advantages of an early education. I am dying—my race will soon be extinct: a poor, old-fashioned stage-coach, I descend ignominiously to an unmonumental grave. I bear ill-will to no one, and freely forgive that noisy, disagreeable, whirling rail-car that is now passing me, snorting in triumph over my ashes. Well, every dog has his day, and mine has passed.

## PORPORA AMID HIS PUPILS.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(See Engraving.)

THE old *Maestro* is in his element. For him the storms of life are over, and, though it be in gray hairs and in poverty, the old fire burns yet in his soul; and, in the still religion of his art, composing and rehearsing with a quartette of congenial friends or pupils, he is more filled, absorbed, elated, than ever in his public days, when he waged fruitless competition against giant Handel, in the production of operas, to please one of the musical factions of the fashionable would-be *dilettante* in England.

Poor old man! Has he not been a hero in his way? a conscientious martyr to those principles of art, to those august and severe laws of beauty, in which he read and revered the divine order of the universe, and (so to speak) the "Thorough-Bass" of all things? Music to him has been more than a pleasure of the sense, more than a glorious excitement, or a solace of conflicting or unsatisfied emotions, more than a trade, a vehicle of profit or ambition; it has been much the same thing to him with conscience. And so, alike in the construction of his own melodies and harmonies, in the rendering of the musical ideas of other genuine composers, especially the older masters, and in the formation of the voices and the styles of pupils, he had rigidly, yet feelingly, enforced what he conceived to be the vital morality of art,—the eschewing of all vain ornaments and poor tricks of effect, and the conforming in every fibre of the work to the eternal conditions of fitness and of order. For only so, he was accustomed to say, can a piece of music *mean* anything, or transmit clear vibrations from its author's soul to other souls remote in time or place. Call you this a *Composition*, he would ask, this idle stringing together of drivelling conceits out of an aimless, self-amusing, irresponsible, disordered fancy? this clever facility at vulgar clap-trap, not the less vulgar because much in fashion? this laboured attempt to hide by profuse ornament the lack of any unity of purpose? Call you this a *Composition*, which betrays only the love of display, and not the love of law? which has nothing of the enduring quality in it, nothing of the wisdom of art to constitute it an organic fact, as real and *composed* as is the order of

the seasons, or the revolution of the planets, or the return of every bird, and plant, and insect in its hour?

Old Nicola Porpora is not much known in these days by his music. Such of his compositions as survive, sleep quietly in libraries. Yet none the less has he bequeathed some of those aforesaid "vibrations" of a right earnest musical mind and temper, to act through others on the musical culture, and help to quicken the musical genius of these and coming times. A century ago, in the great days of Handel, and in the dawning of the fresh morning light of Haydn, who was for some time his own pupil, he was the most celebrated living master of singing and vocal composition. Born at Naples, formed under the influence of the great Alessandro Scarlatti, he composed and conducted masses and vespers as well as operas, as the head of a Conservatory at Venice, where he made several world-famous singers, such as Farinelli, Cafarelli, Mingotti, Hubert (surnamed the Porporino), &c. Thence he was called to Germany, to the court of Charles VI., where he enjoyed great patronage and influence, and where is told an instance of his practical wit. It seems that Porpora, in spite of his severity, was rather famous for the free use of *trills* in his own compositions, to a degree that made the Emperor quite shy of employing him. Dr. Burney says of one of his songs, that he seems to have composed it in a "shivering fit." He got permission, however, to compose one piece of sacred music for the Emperor's hearing, which proceeded in the plainest, chastest manner, without a single trill or ornament. The Emperor was most agreeably disappointed, when, at the close, he suddenly introduced as the subject of a fugue a half dozen trilled notes in succession; and the ludicrous effect of these, chasing each other through all four parts, may be easily imagined. Invited to London, he was Handel's rival for nine or ten years in the production of operas, of which he had composed not less than fifty himself, in the course of his life. He was too frank and true an artist to deny the transcendent superiority of Handel. Both are to be commiserated as heroic spirits drudging there, like Pegasus in harness, in a



sphere too low for them. Handel himself broke down under it, when he had toiled at operas for thirty years, but still had strength left to soar like an eagle towards the sun, and find his highest mission and his apotheosis in the creation of those sublime oratorios.

Broken down at last by failures, and the ingratitude of singers, who owed all to him, Porpora retired to spend his old days in poverty again at Naples. Critical historians say of him, that he was a musician of rare experience and judgment, rather than of creative genius. He was distinguished for the elegance and purity of his *recitative* passages. This, at all events, implied more than a mechanical faculty, and revealed the true spirit of an artist. He delighted in the composition of Cantatas, a species of dramatic monologue, which he sometimes accompanied with three or four instruments; and, he is said to have been peculiarly successful in this form of "Chamber Music." It may be supposed that, in his last days, he was not unconsoled by a few sympathizing amateurs and pupils, who entered into the spirit of these compositions with him, and in the trial of each new work with the gray-haired enthusiast would realize the select communion of a sort of musical "Noctes." Reasoning thus, the artist very naturally was led to put the interpretation which he has done to the beautiful and unexplained prints copied for the present number of this magazine.

But what a queer, fantastic, as well as—charming group! What sort of a Woman's Rights Convention, or conventicle, is this? Fair ladies handling violoncellos, and one even with an oboë, or a flageolet, with a stout gentleman in the background holding a trombone, all evidently *con amore*, and waiting while the black-gowned old professor in the centre explains the *tempo* and the style of the fresh composition, whose score lies on the tall music-stand before him! Is it in earnest, or have some of his merry, blooming pupils broken in upon the dear old man, and seized the instruments to try their hands at it? No doubt he loved such company, and welcomed it with as spontaneous a glow about his heart as he did the arrival of new musical ideas and inspirations. The musical temperament is at once masculine and feminine; and like the marriage of the two principles is that happy, genial, creative mood of mind in which all truly inspired products have their birth. Indeed such a blending of the fiery will of the heroic man, with the most delicate and feminine sensibility; such a consciousness of strength and weakness in one moment, is the condition of that highest order of activity which men call Art, especially in music.

Now Porpora loved music for its own sake; and that means music pure, impersonal, abstracted from the voice and character of singers. The master of Haydn may well be presumed to have had some knowledge of the delights of instrumental music. And among his chosen circle, even females whom he had taught the love of music for its own sake, of music proper, may have been drawn to make acquaintance with instruments of truly feminine genius, like violins and oboës, and bear their parts in those little familiar private amateur sessions of chamber music. At least so much we may conjecture in support of the engraver's title to the picture, which he has fallen in love with and copied for our edification.

Such things are not unheard of, or at least not unimagined, as whole orchestras of females. That luxurious travelling genius, William Beckford, pretends to have seen and heard as follows in Venice, in 1780: "The sight of the orchestra," he says, "still makes me smile. You know, I suppose, it is entirely of the feminine gender, and that nothing is more common than to see a delicate white hand journeying across an enormous double bass, or a pair of roseate cheeks puffing, with all their efforts, at a French horn. Some that are grown old and Amazonian, who have abandoned their fiddles and their lovers, take vigorously to the kettle-drum; and one poor limping lady, who had been crossed in love, now makes an admirable figure on the bassoon."

We have already rambled through idle paragraphs enough, or we might use the picture as a text for some discourse upon the deep, sincere, and intimate delight which little knots of true musicians, of one mind, experience in what is technically called Chamber Music. There have been many pictorial attempts to illustrate the charms of music; from our own Mount's fresh, natural, naive paintings of the contagious power of a rustic fiddle in a barn; up to sublime embodiments of the divine soul of the art in ideal St. Cecilias, rivalling the best inspired Madonnas; or to historical pictures of some great Handelian commemoration in Westminster Abbey, where row above row of choristers were likened to a segment of one of Dante's circles in the *Paradiso*, the orchestra seeming to "ascend into the clouds, and unite with the saints and martyrs represented on the painted glass in the west window, which had all the appearance of a continuation of the orchestra:

'So sang they, and the empyrean rang  
With Allelujahs.'

We have seen too a quaint old German picture, stiffly etched, but full of life and of expression, representing a group of listeners transported

by the organ-playing of old Master Wolfram. The very air is full of music, and every face is charged with it as with electricity, while vague, commingling, shadowy figures in the background seem to hint at the suggestions of the magic music to their quickened brains. If our friend Sartain wants another musical subject to engrave for the people, we would suggest this. But we have yet to see a picture of the most genuine, most truly musical of musical groups, and that is of a quartette or quintette of real artists, engaged in the performance of some classic instrumental chamber music, such as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, have put their best love and best skill into, for their own pure social and artistic satisfaction. The Cantata with instruments, the Sonata for pianoforte, &c., and many other choice minor forms of composition, come under this head. But its perfection is found in the quartette of

string instruments, so fondly cultivated by the above-named masters. What could be more picturesque, for instance, than a lifelike picture of that famous "Rasumowsky Quartette," consisting of the same four artists in Vienna, who for years had the first trial of all Beethoven's compositions in that kind? The Quartette, like an outline engraving, demands intrinsic excellence and meaning in every note and fibre of the composition. There is no room there for individual display in the performers. The instruments are blended in a lively, earnest, devout conversation on a common theme, which each in its own way, as the fit complement to all the others, is striving to illustrate. It is music in its wisdom and its purity, such as artists love; and in the social, mutual interpretation thereof they realize their best communion, and the inmost peculiar joy of a musical life.

## SUNSET AT BATON ROUGE.

BY ALFRED EVELYN.

PAUSING upon the waters, we lay moored,  
For a brief moment, at the crumbling shore;  
With hollow murmurs past the quiet keel  
The Mississippi's turbid wave rolled on,  
Now, gathering in fierce eddies by the land,  
And gulping in their swirl the virgin soil,  
Like some huge monster gorging on its prey,  
And then, its glutton appetite appeased,  
Sweeping in grandeur on its seaward way.  
'Twas one of those sweet, balmy eves, unknown  
Save in the tropics, and in autumn time;  
Soft breezes all day long had fanned our cheeks,  
And laden with rich fragrance from the shores,  
That seemed like angels showering blessings on us.  
On either hand, as we had passed along,  
From morn until that hour, our way had been  
As in an Eastern land of song and story:  
Here, rose a stately palace from the plains,  
Shooting from out a grove of lordly oaks;  
There, nestled quietly some humble cot,  
Embowered in myrtle, lime, and orange groves,  
Whose fragrant blossoms scented all the air:  
While ever and anon, the song of birds  
Floated melodiously along the wave,  
Whose dulcet tones alone would move to love.  
Then, flitting by these peaceful scenes, we saw  
Forests of waving cypress, with their green  
And pendant boughs o'erhung with wreaths of moss,  
Trailing its gloomy tresses to the ground,  
Awaking thoughts of mourning and of death.

And now 'twas sunset. Far into the sky,  
Before us rose a stately Gothic pile: \*  
Surely, we thought, we are in Eastern lands.  
Turret and tower loomed loftily in air,  
And ancient battlements frowned grimly on us.  
We looked to see from out the portals prance,  
Bending their stately heads beneath the arch,  
A troop of mail-clad knights, on gallant steeds,  
With nodding plumes and glittering casque and crest,  
And spear in rest, to march against the foe.  
Yet though no banner floated from the keep,  
And though no bugle shrilly called to arms,  
And though no train of warriors appeared,

\* The State Capitol.

Still was the scene a scene of bright romance.  
For there was lady fair as ever song,  
Of knight or troubadour, has handed down,  
Immortal made by beauty blent with love,  
Shedding celestial light even to our times;  
As worthy to be fought for in the lists,  
As any in those bright, chivalric days,  
When ladies' hearts were seldom won by sighs,  
But gallant deeds, or else melodious tongues,  
Stout feats with steel, or softer ones with song:  
Nor was there wanting one to own her power,  
Upon whose heart her beauty's influence fell  
Like light upon the eye, or dew on flowers.

They stood alone upon the vessel's deck,  
Watching the dying glories of the day,  
In dreamy silence; not a single cloud  
Was in the sky, save where the setting sun  
Majestically stooped to his repose.  
There, all was beauty;—circling round his orb  
The gathered masses shone like molten gold.  
Fancy would trace, upon the misty isles,  
A thousand shapes, a thousand varied scenes:  
Here, shot up spires and pyramids and towers,  
With bases dark as granite, tops like fire;  
There, squadrons moved in grim but bright array;  
A thousand navies sailed the blue serene;  
Forests rose sudden, and as sudden fell;  
Lakes, mountains, rivers, torrents, all were there;  
Glaciers, with tumbling avalanches; rocks,  
Shivered and riven by contending seas,  
Received and shattered cataracts of fire.

Amid such scenes slow sank the sun to rest,  
And the soft hour of twilight was at hand;  
Rising, like Venus from the sea, the moon,  
The new-born moon, broke from a bank of clouds,  
And seemed to pause a moment on their crest,  
Ere launching forth upon its course alone,  
As though 'twould gladly linger 'mid such scenes.  
Again the waters part before the prow,—  
The sun goes down, the clouds have passed away,—  
Night darkens all the splendour of the hour:  
But ah! no night, except the night of death,—

Brief were those rapturous moments, passing like  
That gorgeous sunset, to return no more.



## VICTIMIZED—A TALE.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

(Concluded from p. 183.)

It did not take long to convince her that she had made a deep impression on the grave knight of the forget-me-nots. Roland Wendall, a man of singularly delicate feelings, had early been disgusted with the assuming manners of the female society into which he had been thrown; he did not even attempt to deny that he had tasted the bitterness of an early disappointment, and that he had withdrawn himself much, in consequence, from gay society, and sought to fill his heart with the less transitory enjoyment for which his intellectual, even spiritual nature fitted him. Accustomed to judge women with unmerited severity, Julia had presented herself with refreshing variety; her childlike dress and manners, her very glance, the most studied part of her artillery, had filled him with a tumult of emotion indefinable to himself. Something whispered, here was purity, freshness, unsullied soul; and with an impulse which he scarcely attempted to resist, he requested an introduction, and one half hour's conversation proved sufficient to dissolve the caution of years, and replace it with visions as ephemeral and bright as those of his boyhood.

Poor mistaken man! who deemed himself so wise, so penetrating, who laid a thousand Quixotic plans for training this fresh, unsophisticated child, so that she should preserve her youth of soul, her purity of heart. He little knew that both had fled for ever, if she had ever possessed them.

Though not wealthy, his income was ample, and his family of aristocratic pretensions, sufficiently so to have looked with indignation upon the idea of his contracting a match with the daughter of a dress-maker, had they known it; but that was destined to remain in oblivion, and Julia Flash received an earnest declaration within three weeks of her successful debut. During this time, she had gone constantly into society, and never failed amid Roland's exclusive attentions, and her timid, but decided encouragement of them, to command a sufficient degree of admiration to keep in

play enough jealousy to make Roland long earnestly for the time when she should be exclusively his own, and withdrawn from the soiling contact of the world. And when she promised to be his, and he placed upon her finger the seal of their engagement, could she have read the pure and ennobling feelings which his love had awakened, the reverence with which he looked upon her, as he believed, unsullied purity, perchance she might have paused in the play of her remorseless ambition, and lingered before determining to immolate love upon its altar. For to marry Roland Wendall never entered into her calculations; they were much more complex.

Among the coterie of gentlemen that Julia had drawn about her, was one who, something like the moth, fluttered *around* the charmed circle, scarcely daring to venture nearer, lest his wings should be singed, and prevent the possibility of escape; but like that insect, too, he was continually coming nearer than at first he intended, and the end of all was, that the fair Julia held him pinioned, and quickly tamed down her struggling captive.

Stacy Richmond, Esq., possessed a clear income of six thousand. Though Julia's eyes were as soft as houris', they were rapacious too; her ambition never stopped half way; to gain a title to the enjoyments and position which such a fortune would entail upon her, was irresistible. She had known him as long as her more serious lover. He had actually left the punch-bowl to take a turn in the waltz with her; and ere she slept she had decided that, though he was shallow and vain and jealous, he would, independently of his golden attractions, make a more convenient husband than the sternly moral Wendall. He would be much less likely to interfere with her pursuits *after* marriage, which were, ideally, on an extended scale. But Richmond must not be frightened. He had an idea (a true one, unfortunately) that all the girls were after his money. He was not close, or mean, or selfish, more than his habits of self-gratification induced,

but he pronounced such proceedings "a deuced bore," and forthwith confined himself to the supper-room at a party, the door or lobby of a concert-room, the north side of the public promenade, the vestibule of a church. How Miss Julia Flash came to touch his sensibilities, was hard to tell. He detested dancing; he never followed in the wake of the crowd; and he was not peculiarly affected by beauty;—but he was heard to declare while sipping a glass of wine in the doorway, that that girl had a glance from her eye, bright as the flash of champagne,—the only poetical idea he was ever known to utter; and it may be inferred, that it was chiefly because of the connection she assumed in his thoughts with his favourite beverage, that he was led to make the acquaintance of the wily Julia.

Then she was so tremendously indifferent to the men! He had been nearer the mark to have said the *man*. Julia knew what she was about—that, talk as he might, as men may and *do*, about the way their favour is sought, none like a complete withdrawal of this gratifying flattery; and Richmond soon learned to long most ardently, that Julia Flash would bestow more frequently upon him, the light of one of those champagne glances, and *not* give so many to that priggish Roland Wendall. "Who was he, he would like to know?" And when some friend intimated that Wendall, of all the world, had the best right to her favour, the popping of a cork in Richmond's eye could not have startled him more than this news.

It is needless to recount the arts by which the fair Julia enslaved her brainless admirer; how all the manœuvres which could captivate his particular organization of mind, were put in requisition against him. She sought not so much to dazzle, for that would have alarmed him; but she took a child's place, deferring to his opinion, and teaching him a new and flattering lesson—that of self-appreciation. Then, while she admitted her position with regard to Wendall, there was an adroit display to Richmond of a secret preference for him. She affected to conceal this carefully, and it was only at moments that her seeming impetuous feelings carried her, as it were, out of herself, and murmured words and sudden movements made Richmond whisper to himself that he was beloved, wherever else her hand was promised.

And so, time went on. Wendall wondered why he found it so hard to withdraw Julia from society. That she loved him, he was convinced; but her relish for gaiety seemed by no means diminished. He wouldn't for the world have admitted that she left his side willingly, yet it was strange how often she was dancing or talking to some puppy on the

other side of the room, and what could she see in that shallow-pated Richmond to admire? He wished she wouldn't look at others with that charming glance of hers—he liked to think it sacred to himself.

Mrs. Flash gave exquisite little suppers, impromptu ones, when half a dozen gentlemen were gathered together in her parlour of an evening. It was so easy to send out to a restaurant's and provide the needful. Esther Flash had been wont to preside at these, and she did so now, for Julia's time was far too much occupied with her admirers. Wendall always wished to withdraw her from scenes of this description; he could not bear to see her amid a crowd of men eating and drinking their intellectual natures into bondage. The drawing-room was cool and pleasant, and purer it seemed in atmosphere, and he wanted to hear a new song, or have a quiet talk. But Julia always seemed to shrink from admitting publicly his claims, and he was too delicate to press the point; he only pleaded more earnestly for an early marriage, that he might transplant her from such ungenial soil. In the mean time the winter, already far advanced at the time of Julia's debut, sped rapidly away.

Spring came with her buds and flowers, and Wendall seemed farther than ever from gaining his point. Very childlike in some things, he never seemed to think of blaming Julia for the distance which grew up between them, but became nervous and irritable at his undefined fears. Julia was so admired, so much sought after, it could not be expected that she should be *quite* satisfied to give up everything for him; he must wait till the novelty had worn off, and in September she had promised, at last, to settle down in a good, quiet little wife.

He was obliged to leave the city for a few days. He bade her as affectionate a farewell as though it had been a last one, and bent his steps towards the boat with a feeling of unaccountable depression. On the promenade deck were two or three gay exquisites who frequented the Flash mansion; their backs were turned towards him, and with cigars in their mouths and their feet up on the balustrade, seemed in high glee over the jokes which were passing round. The next moment he caught Julia's name, uttered in tones which expressed anything but the high respect he entertained for her. The blood rushed hotly to his brow as he listened. They discussed her merits as they might those of an opera dancer or public singer; they spoke of her levity, her adroitness; she was the most charming little actress in the world! she had "hooked" Richmond most neatly, and "Wendall was as blind as a bat." Here they broke out into a laugh which seemed fiendish to Roland. He pulled his



broad straw hat over his face, and slunk down stairs. There he paced the deck almost in a state of madness; he reached out his arm as though to clutch the receding shore, and then smiled bitterly, and swore it was a lie—all a lie, and tried to compose his features to a hypocritical expression of calmness. Everybody was pointing at him—he knew it! but he would not afford them the gratification of seeing the deep wound he had sustained. No! other men learned to deceive; all mankind were deceivers more or less; there lived no human being who, tasting of the bitter waters of life as well as of the sweet, did not learn to dissemble—to wear a smiling face, although the fruit of the tree of Knowledge and Evil was in their mouth at the time, and piercing like a thorn!

After all it was but a report. These wretched men! what were they, that they should with a breath sully the spotless purity of his childlike Julia? as he loved to call her. He reasoned with his fears and grew calm again; was ready to think it all a dream when he arrived at his destination, and gave his mind for the time to the business which brought him.

Somewhat sooner than he had expected, he found himself at home again, and before the steps of Julia's residence. He paused on the threshold to hear that she had gone with her sister and Mr. Richmond to explore the beauties of a new country-seat of the latter, which was situated about six miles out of town. The strong man trembled for a moment, but controlling himself with an effort, received from the servant a few directions as to where he should find them, and, obtaining a carriage, followed them.

What he was going to do, he scarcely knew. To see Julia he believed, but whether as his, or another's, he knew not. One thing was clear to him,—a few hours would prove all things.

It was an afternoon in May, soft and balmy, redolent with the fragrance of flowers, and dreamy with the accustomed indolence of the season. As Roland bowed rapidly over the broad, level road, the shadows of his coming fate seemed to settle thickly upon him, with many voices whispering hoarsely through the deep agony of unshed tears; his very lips grew pale and rigid in the struggle against such weakness as he deemed it, and before thinking of it, he had reached the lane which crossed the road, and led to the tasty cottage of Stacy Richmond. Fastening his horse to a tree at the foot of a beautiful avenue, he trod the smooth, serpentine walk with a hurried step, strangely at variance with his usual composed demeanour. As he drew near the house, the sound of voices and light laughter came through the latticed casements. The lower shutters were

closed, but perched upon a step-ladder, which seemed to have been used for flowers, he was surprised to observe two or three domestics taking stolen glimpses into the room below, and snapping their fingers and rolling their eyes at each other with vulgar significance.

"Where are the ladies? What are you looking at?" he demanded, in tones by no means gentle. Starting at being detected, the servants turned their heads, but stood regarding Wendall with a mixture of fright and stupidity.

"Who is in there?" he repeated.

"Oh! it's the Miss Flashes, and master—Mister Richmond, you see, sir, out enjoying themselves this fine afternoon," replied an awkward-looking boy, who might belong to the stables, casting a disgusting leer, as he spoke, at the girl beside him on the steps; "and we climbed up here to have a bit of the fun, if you please, sir," bowing and scraping in a manner more insolent than respectful.

"Never mind, sir, what you got up there for! I'll trouble you to come down, and show me the way into the house."

Wendall's whole manner was stern and decided, but the boy hesitated. "Why you see it's as much as my wages is worth to disturb master when he gives his orders; and they's very full of fun indeed, now; just look for yourself!"

From an impulse for which Roland Wendall in a cooler moment would have despised himself, he stepped upon the ladder. "You see they's very happy indeed," repeated the boy in his ear with a chuckle, as Roland put his hand to his forehead for a moment, and then with an effort bent his eyes upon the scene within.

Better be blind than see what he did that moment!

A table covered with an elegant cold collation was spread in the centre of the apartment, and there was evidence enough in the disordered disposition of affairs that the wine-glass had circulated freely. Esther Flash seemed intent on the demolition of the viands, but Richmond, who sat opposite her, talking in maudlin sentences, had the fair hand of his spotless betrothed clasped closely between his own, while she alternately bent those bewildering eyes on him with a mixture of softness and contempt, and partook of the good cheer upon the table.

There was a grossness in the whole scene which shocked Wendall after the first thrill of agony. That beautiful girl—that fair girl—that innocent girl—in such a place, exposed to the coarse, wanton jests of those vulgar servants, and listening to a string of sickening compliments from a half-drunken man, with

perfect composure—even in the presence of her sister;—penetrating enough to feel contempt, yet so unprincipled, so immoral (Wendall could think of no other word), as to suffer his love—as to encourage it, while on her finger glistened the ring *he* had placed there, with feelings so pure, so elevated!

With a shudder he could not control, Wendall turned to descend.

"How long have they been here?" he asked in a hoarse whisper of the servant girl.

"Better than two hours," was the reply; "and yesterday they was here too, and once before!" and the girl smiled slyly, as one might do who could tell much more for the asking. But Wendall had heard enough, and waving his hand, turned and trod the way to his carriage with a firm, stern step.

While the revel went on within the cottage, more and more scattered grew the wits of the weak-minded Richmond.

"Only one more glass!" pleaded the smiling Julia, as he declined to taste again, "to pledge *me*, you know!" she added, resting her hand upon his arm appealingly, and once again that slightly scornful smile flitted to her lips as he drank, and then threw himself upon the floor beside her, and raved incoherently.

"I don't know whether, after all, I love you enough to marry you," she said, after listening to him for awhile, and she spoke with the most enchanting sauciness in the world,—*"Poor Wendall!"* But before they had gathered on their riding equipments she had promised to forsake *"poor Wendall,"* and become Richmond's wife, *"whom only she could love as she was capable of doing."* More, she had consented to a speedy clandestine marriage (mamma being in the secret, of course, and Esther), for she had so adroitly to work on Richmond's fears, lest he should lose her, that he rested not till she promised this, and then Julia Flash sank back among the cushions, to congratulate herself upon the success of her manœuvres in bringing to her feet so speedily, the shy, shallow, imbecile, but wealthy man, for whom mothers and daughters had alike exerted their arts in vain, through many successive seasons.

The ring which Wendall had given her was displaced, ere she slept, by another, but she was saved the trouble, or it might be triumph, of *surprising* him with her falsehood, for, on her arrival at home, a note awaited her, which contained merely these lines:—

"Julia:—I was out at Richmond Cottage this afternoon, and through the window beheld what occurred.—Adieu."

Julia Flash shrugged her shoulders, and sought her mother and sister, to laugh over the success of her intrigues. Esther's sympathy was sullen enough; for principle she cared too little to regret the heartless game just played on that account, but there was something galling to her jealous temperament, in the thought of being distanced by her own and younger sister. But the mother was warm in commendation of her clever daughter's success, albeit Julia warned her not to expect too much from her fortunate marriage.

So Julia Flash entered the costly home of Stacy Richmond, Esq., with her foot firmly planted on the ladder to fortune, and convinced beyond doubt, that her confidence in her own abilities was correct, since her first step had been so true a one. But look not too far forward, wily girl! there *must* be thorns hidden somewhere among the roses, for you yourself have sown good seed, which will not fail to bring forth fruit!

It was to be regretted even, that Richmond, weak and dissipated as he was, should have been so completely duped, for he had given his heart, such as it was, entirely to his cold, self-centred Julia, exulting in the belief that he was master at last of one disinterested attachment, since he had witnessed her struggles to love Wendall, and subdue her attachment to him.

How long his ignorance remained bliss to him, it is needless to speculate upon. To have married a loveless wife, worse,—an unprincipled one, and an exacting family, were evils which would not fail to impress themselves on the mind with more speed than agreeableness.

Perhaps the saddest spectacle of all, was the crushed heart which Roland Wendall locked up in his bosom. To have loved an unworthy object may make the sentiment more easy to subdue, but it is very dark to see the bright angel, Faith, blotted out from life! Can *any* visitant depart and leave so hopeless a void? Often, as years sped on, Roland dreamed he saw her meek eyes smiling upon him again, but they smiled from the far heaven, and he felt that he must wait to go to her—she could never come to him.





FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

To sketch Darley's history is a matter somewhat annoying to me, since I have obtained no material from himself, and it will be necessary in speaking of him, to use the first person, singular, more frequently than may be acceptable. But the truth is that I, though no artist, was connected slightly by circumstances with Mr. Darley's early career in art; and as Mr. Sartain desires from me all that I know of the personal history of the artist, I shall have to place myself occasionally as bobtail to the latter's kite.

My first acquaintance with Felix Darley was made in this way:

During the year 1842, I forget now what day and month, and have no data at hand, I had occasion to have some illustrations drawn for a poem which I purposed to publish, and found much difficulty in obtaining a proper artist. While looking round for the required person, I happened to call on G. Parker Cummings, the architect, to whom I complained of my troubles. "Pooh! yes!" said he, in his peculiar way, "I know the man to suit you exactly. There's a young fellow in town, a clerk, who has the real stuff in him. He left here about ten minutes since. That will give you some idea of his power." So saying, Cum-

tings pointed to a pen-sketch, hastily done on the outer sheet of a quire of wrapping-paper which lay on the table. The moment I looked at it I laughed. It was not a likeness in feature, but in character, of a drunken fellow whom I had seen a few minutes previous, in self-satisfied recumbency, disposed against a tree-box in the street. There was no mistaking it. The expression of the figure was admirable; the artist had succeeded in transferring "the entire drunk," as they say in the West, of his subject, with a few pen-strokes. I obtained the address of Darley, sought and found the young artist forthwith, and introduced myself and my business. At my request, he showed me a number of his sketches. Among these were illustrations of "Manfred," "The Maid and Magpie," "The Drunkard's Progress," "Cromwell," "Scenes in the Life of an Indian Chief," "Philadelphia Character," and many others, mostly in outline.

At the same time, he seemed to be distrustful of his own power, and to doubt if he could execute the work I wanted in a satisfactory manner. Of this distrust I did not at all partake. The force, vigour, and beauty of what I saw, though full of errors of drawing, satisfied me that a great artist stood before me in

embryo, waiting the genial warmth of opportunity to pass into vitality. I urged him to turn his energies to the pursuit of art as a profession, to which he seemed inclined, though labouring under a fear lest he might thereby undertake a hazardous experiment. It appears that his father,—who, by the by, is one of the most perfect gentlemen of the old school, in mind and manner, that I ever saw,—had early discouraged his genius, possibly associating ragged elbows and soiled linen with the artist's profession; while a member of the firm under whose eye he was preparing himself for mercantile pursuits, had assured his artist-clerk, that such scratchings on paper produced "small cash in hand." He evidently loved art for its own sake, but feared to appear before the public as an artist; being deterred by the apprehensions of failure which had been instilled into his mind by others. Indeed, his attachment to design must have been inborn. A relative of his once assured me, that Felix was seized with the art-fever at a very early age—in truth, when so small that a chair served him for table, and a child's stool for a seat—the affection showing itself in the daily destruction of numerous sheets of serviceable paper, and the ruin of a capital box of water-colours belonging to his sister. Efforts were made to eradicate this mischievous propensity; and on being sent to school, the impulse of the head was attacked by means of an application of the master's rod to the other extremity, on the principle of counter-irritation—but in vain. The smartness only had a temporary transfer, as might have been expected; for though Pope's maxim—

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"

may hold good, it could not be applied to a case where the twig stubbornly refuses to bend at all.

Shortly after this, having borrowed a few of Darley's sketches, I showed them to various friends whose good opinion I thought might be of service to the artist—among the rest, to Robert Morris, then, as now, the editor of the "Pennsylvania Inquirer." He was delighted with them; and with his usual kind feeling towards unknown merit, requested me to write a commendatory paragraph for his journal, which I did. The notice was brief, and anticipatory, rather than otherwise; but I really believe that it annoyed Darley very much. The pleasant sensation of seeing his name in print, was neutralized by the fear lest some should suppose the compliment came through his solicitation or desire; and I really believe, had he known of my intention, he would have implored me to suppress the article. Of this feeling, I dare say, he has got rid long before this. It is an interesting disease, which, like

the measles, may be expected but once in the lifetime of the patient; but unlike the measles, is never contagious.

Not long after, I had occasion to visit New York, and took with me the same drawings, intending to exhibit them to some friends there. I happened to meet N. P. Willis, who had in conjunction with General Morris, just started the "New Mirror," and told him I had something worth looking at in my room at Howard's. During the afternoon he called on me, saying that he only came for a brief visit, and could sit for a few minutes only, as he wished to attend to some business at the other end of town. After some general conversation, and as he was about to go, I handed him the drawings for examination. He was both delighted and astonished, forgot his urgent business, and sat there for hours, changing from one sketch to the other, discussing their faults and merits, and talking as he can talk, when excitement and an apt subject brings out the natural man. The conclusion that he came to, was that Darley had great genius; and he predicted for him a most successful career as a designer. The veteran editor, Mordecai M. Noah, to whom I showed the same designs, concurred in our estimate of the ability they betokened; and the next day, laudatory notices in two New York journals astonished Darley beyond measure, and attracted a momentary attention to a *debutant* on the stage of art.

Some time after these occurrences, the series of designs portraying the career of a drunkard, were shown to Mr. T. C. Clarke, the proprietor of a new paper, the "Saturday Museum," now merged in "Neal's Saturday Gazette." He was struck with their merit, and applied to me to write a novel for his paper, using the pictures as a groundwork. I agreed, but found it impracticable; and instead of the first designed, wrote another work of the character desired, to which Darley furnished the illustrations. Unfortunately for Darley, he had not been used to drawing on the block, and most of the pictures were badly done. Between his inexperience, and the bad workmanship of the engravers, but two of the engravings furnished copies of the original designs. The prosperity of the paper was advanced, if the artist's reputation was not, which I presume was all that was desired by the publisher. The sketches of Philadelphia Character next attracted Mr. Clarke's attention; an arrangement was entered into for their publication, and one number, with letter-press illustrations by Joseph C. Neal, was actually issued, under the imprint of Godey and M'Michael. But the enterprise failed. Subsequently, one or two of the designs appeared in the "Democratic Review," of New York; and one in Godey's "Lady's



Book." In the last, the sketch purported to be in illustration of an article on the Black Maria (the prison omnibus), but really the reverse was just the case,—the article was the description of the drawing, and the originality of conception lay with the artist.

The next work of Darley issued to the public, was a series of outline etchings on stone, now out of print, giving the adventures of an Indian Chief from his bark cradle to his grave. To this I furnished the letter-press portion, under the name of "The Death of War-Eagle." One number of this, containing three plates, and the only copy I possess of any of the series, now lies before me. Far inferior as it is, in point of mechanical execution and general finish, to his later productions, it still moves admiration at its boldness of design, effective grouping, and individual character.

By this time the talents of Darley began to excite attention, and to make an impression on the minds of those much-abused, but rather necessary beings, the book-publishers. Carey and Hart were about to publish a series of humorous American works, and engaged the pencil of Darley to illustrate them. Among these books were "The Life and Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs," Hooper's remarkably clever book; "The Big Bear of Arkansas," and "Major Jones's Courtship." In these books was collected a set of stories peculiar to the South and West; and the new character thus thrown open to him, while it afforded him a scope for the exercise of his abilities, provoked him to the production of designs, which, for exquisite adherence to nature, have never been equalled on this side of the Atlantic, or surpassed elsewhere. No one who sees them can fail to be struck with the truth and fidelity of these designs. Their character is inimitable. Whether in the figure and face of Captain Suggs, the attitude and manner of Kit Kunker, or the whole tone of Deacon Suggs's negro boy Bill, of whom Hooper makes his hero say—"Thar's more nigger in him than you'll meet now-a-days in a whole cornfield"—the genius of the artist reigns supreme. The quaint humour, the individuality of character, preserved through every variety of incident, and the grasping of every accessory, render these drawings the most effective and admirable that ever delighted the lover of humorous delineation.

Now began Darley's tide of gold-making to flow in, bearing reputation on its surface; and he had no longer any fears in regard to his success, so far as pecuniary matters were concerned. But Philadelphia was not his proper place. I urged him to go to New York, where the field was left entirely open by the departure of Chapman. The artist still doubted if he could make an impression out of Phila-

delphia, and distrusted his powers. He refused for a long while. At length the importunity of friends in both cities had its effect; he finally consented to go to New York, temporarily, to see if he liked the place; and, as I expected, never returned to Philadelphia, except as a visiter. His genius was at once appreciated in the Empire City, and from that day to this he has been busily engaged. Among the most notable things which he has produced within the last two years, are illustrations to Mrs. Sigourney's "Poems," Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," "Rip Van Winkle," the latter published by the American Art Union, and "Margaret;" which last is to be shortly issued. The illustrations to Margaret are superior to any of his former productions, and will produce a sensation when they are laid before the public. I saw them about eighteen months since, and have no words to convey my appreciation of their vigour and beauty.

It may be as well also to mention in this connexion, that a series of his designs, fourteen in number, illustrating Wiley's novel of "Roanoke, or Where's Utopia?" executed for Sartain's Magazine last year, have attracted so much attention abroad, that they are to be republished in book-form in London.

Thus far I have given what I know personally of Darley, and have been obliged to mix myself up with the narrative more than is consonant with good taste. There was no other resource than to mention personal reminiscences, as the artist has not probably lost all his olden diffidence, and would be horrified at being made an accessory before the fact to the "taking of his own life." What is said is true, however, and that may invest it with an additional interest.

Of Mr. Darley's birth and early life I know very little, beyond that he is the youngest son of John and Elenora Darley, and was born in 1821. His family is one possessing more than an ordinary share of talent. His mother was a lady of strong, clear, and vigorous mind; one of his brothers is a musical composer of some merit; another brother and an elder sister (Mrs. Sully), are exceedingly able artists; and another sister is a forcible and fertile writer. His family is respected and respectable, and his parents have been universally well-regarded for their fine manners, kind hearts, and estimable character.

Darley's drawings are transcripts of character. That which they assume to portray they do portray. There is nothing lost which is necessary to make up the perfect whole; there is a thorough identification of the thought and the pencil; each figure has the stamp of an unmistakeable individuality of character.

It gives an actual, not a warped representation. In some parts of art, Darley is unapproachable by any living artist whom we can call to mind. His transfusion of the character of a class into a single figure is complete. I have had some difficulty in persuading some southern friends that the faces in "Simon Suggs" are not portraits of their immediate neighbours. As for Simon himself, I am confidently assured by one man, that he lives on Moccasin Creek; while another remembers seeing him, during boyhood, at the forks of Big Sandy. According to others, they are familiar with Kit Kuncker; and of twenty, residing miles apart, each has seen a dog "Andy" in his own immediate vicinity. During last March, while travelling from the Guyandotte River to the Tug Fork of Sandy, in the lower part of Western Virginia, I stopped at a log cabin near the Indian Ridge. After tying my horse to the fence, and placing some corn before him in a log trough, I went in the house to dry myself, and get ready for dinner. An old woman, lady paramount of the single room, with its dependencies the stable and sty, was preparing the corn-bread and pork which was to form my meal; and, while the former was being baked in the Dutch oven, and the latter undergoing a fiery preparation in the frying-pan, I commenced to read, for the ninety-ninth time, concerning the life and adventures of the renowned Captain Suggs, late of the Tallapoosa volunteers. A noise outside attracted my attention. I dropped the book, and went out to see if my horse was taking his provender with appetite. On my return I found the old woman with her ladle in one hand, and my book in the other, regarding one of the "picturs" with admiring wonder. "See here, stranger," said she, "did you make that?" We told her that it was the production of a Mr. Darley, at the North. "Darley!" said the matron, "when was he down in this country?" We assured her that he had never been there, to the best of our knowledge and belief. "Don't you tell me that, mister," was the indignant response, as she pointed with the dripping ladle at the figure of Daddy 'Lias Biggs; "ef that aint ole C——, down the Guyan, the very moral of him, drawd tu the nineties, then I don't know nothin'. He's got his face turned 'tother way, wrong eend toards yer, but I never seed setch a likeness in all my born days—never." I possessed myself of the book at once, for fear she might look farther back, and see the portraiture of Mrs. Nason, to which she bore no small resemblance; and the old lady, resuming her culinary occupation, muttered, "Well, I do wonder ef that Darley stopt yer nara time, when he was in this country, from the norrad."

Yet, with all the humour in these drawings,

there is no positive fun. Darley's pencil is rather that of a wit than of a humourist. Every minute difference of expression, every delicate shade of character, is seized intuitively, and delineated by means of a few simple strokes of the pencil. The picture is invariably consistent; it is conceived and carried out in the most perfect manner; it grows upon you more and more as you look at it. But Darley never makes you laugh. He has no broad humour—no idea of the grotesque—no unexpectedness. His is altogether a higher field.

Darley has merely attained the first step in the ascent to the height of his reputation. If not arrested by some unexpected obstacle, he will achieve absolute eminence in the world of art; for he possesses those two qualities necessary to perfect success,—extraordinary genius and intense application. He is the only artist we have yet seen who, while capable of delineating American every-day character with truth and effect, can ascend to the realm of the purely ideal, and tread in the highest paths of his art with the confident and assured step of a master. The career of such a man cannot stop at its present point.

In person, Mr. Darley is over the middle height, finely formed, of a graceful and erect carriage, and easy deportment. His features are rather regular. His expression is cold and peculiar, though it becomes agreeable when he is engaged in animated conversation. His manner is mostly reserved, but he can be an exceedingly agreeable companion. Our impressions concerning his moral character, good disposition, and strong integrity, were good at first, and we never had any reason to change them. His faults we never have had occasion or opportunity to study. At one time tolerably intimate with him, and in daily intercourse about business matters, our acquaintanceship was interrupted by his departure for New York, and by the press of our own affairs. Since then we have seen him but once or twice. We undertook, at the request of the editor of this work, to give what knowledge we had of his history, and have done so faithfully, fully conscious that our laudation could not increase, nor our censure diminish, his reputation. We have given our candid opinion concerning the merits of his work, opinions held in common with many better judges than we, and heartily wish him all that distinguished success which his great genius undoubtedly deserves. We have been unable to speak, during the sketch, of privations endured by him in his pursuit of art, for he never met any; we have no romantic stories to tell of his adventures, as he had none:—we have merely told what we know of his even history, and we hope our readers are satisfied.



## THE PATRIARCH RETURNING.

BY JAMES T. JANVIER.

I HEAR the sound of lowing herds,  
And bleating flocks, and mingled voices:  
Amid the swell of blending words,  
A mother o'er her babe rejoices;  
And laughing children pour their song  
Of joy Euphrates' waves along.

A wondrous wealth of cattle studs the plain;  
A thousand colts around their dams are leaping;  
And camels moving in majestic train;  
And sheep, like drifting snow the greensward sweeping,  
And dappled kine, of every merging hue,  
Their fetlocks dripping with the morning dew.

Afar—afar they pass away;  
That morning cloud, the hills o'ershading,  
Marks where the weaker loiterers stray;  
Their vanguard, in the distance fading.  
Pause at the pebbly brook to drink,  
Or crop the herbage on its brink.

And now a nobler group comes pressing on:  
What scene like this on fabled fields Elysian?  
One charming sight of soulless beauty gone,  
Now bursts upon the eye a fairer vision.  
No love for Nature dwells from this apart,—  
The human sympathy of heart with heart.

First come the honest sons of toil,  
Slowly, with half-averted faces;  
They leave for aye their native soil,  
And memory all the past retraces:  
What wonder at the downcast eye,  
Whose recent tear is scarce yet dry!

Ah! in the bosom of yon simple hind  
As true and tender memories are treasured  
As those that dwell within a princely mind.  
God's blessed gifts of love are never measured  
By outward seeming, and the soul's rich prize  
Oft beams beneath the beggar's sordid guise.

And now there comes a nobler form,  
Half peasant and half prince its seeming;  
His face is marred by sun and storm,  
Yet, 'neath that brow the dark eye gleaming  
Almost betrays his lineage high,  
A link between the earth and sky.

A wondrous future was before him then,  
Its glories with the past and present blending:—  
Who but himself, of all the sons of men,  
Was ever found with heavenly foe contending?  
To whom but him had angels ever come,  
On that long ladder, down from heaven's high dome?

He passes: and upon the scene  
Behold a noisy group advancing.  
Six stalwart boys, of noble mien,  
Beguile the way with shouts and dancing:  
Each in his turn, the happy band  
Lead their young sister by the hand.

A matron rideth by their side along,  
Affection mingling in her face with sorrow;  
A mother's eye, turned to that happy throng,  
Might well a transient smile of gladness borrow,  
While bitter memories her bosom move.—  
Neglect, aversion, unrequited love.

But yonder comes a desert steed,  
White as the foam on Jabbok's water,  
A camel of a costly breed,—  
Fit but to bear a prince's daughter.  
Gently he curves his swan-like neck,  
To mark his rider's slightest beck.  
If on the plain they meet some deadly foe,  
And force be vain and prayers be unavailing,  
Then, like an arrow from the Arab's bow,  
That steed shall fly, and from his speed unfailing  
The goaded war-horse turn him back again,  
And his foiled rider curse pursuit so vain.

A precious burden does he bear,  
Of twice seven years the faithful earning.  
No marvel that 'tis borne with care:  
No marvel that one heart is yearning  
O'er that fair prize, once won, once lost,  
Then gained again at such a cost.  
Ah! loveliest of thy lovely sex art thou,  
For whom the toil of fourteen years passed lightly!  
The labourer, cheered by thy betrothal vow,  
Saw every coming sunrise beam more brightly;  
"The frost by night—the heat by day consuming"  
He heeded not:—thy love was ever blooming.

Thine is a form with beauty rife,  
Bright as creation's natal morning;  
The impress of an inner life  
Thy every outward lock adorning;  
A beauty that can not be told,—  
A grace scarce given to mortal mould.  
The wavy ringlets of thy golden hair—  
The snow-like whiteness of thy heaving bosom—  
Thy cheek, the pale rose ever blooming there—  
Thy lips, half parted, like an opening blossom—  
While gentle words come sweetly through them sighing,  
Like distant music on the soft air dying.

More beautiful thy form appears,  
So soon in cureless pain to languish;  
Alas! those sweet eyes, bathed in tears—  
The bitter tears of mortal anguish—  
Shall fade, as falls thy passing breath,  
In that swift-coming night of death.  
The venture thou hast staked for love is life—  
The pledge thy gentle sex hath ever given;  
Thy hour is coming, yet to thee 'tis rife  
With a bright presage of the joys of heaven.  
A sound of woe above thy tomb may rise,  
But shouts of joy shall greet thee in the skies.

## FASHIONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lateness of the season at which the autumn fashions have made their appearance this year in France, we are enabled to give in the present number, engravings of three of the prettiest and most approved. This we do in advance of all other American monthlies, and in less than one month after their appearance in Paris.



FIG. 1.

FIGURE 1. Capote of rose-coloured crape, ornamented with a fanchon trimmed with fringes. Under-trimming of flowers. Mantelet of taffetas, trimmed at the bottom with very elegant, wide blonde de soie, surmounted by five parallel rows of silk galloons. Around the upper part is a revers, edged with the same lace, half width, and reaching nearly to the upper row of the galloons just mentioned. It is also surmounted with five rows of the galloons. Redingote of taffetas to match the mantelet; skirt very full, and trimmed *en tablier* with seven rows of galloons, the last row on each side forming a head for a volant of the blonde, half the width of that last named above.



FIG. 2.

TOILETTE DE VILLE.

At the lower part of the cheeks there is on each side a nœud of taffetas riband interspersed with black velvet. The bavolet or cape is also of taffetas, and is trimmed at the upper and lower edges with two little volants sewed on under narrow velvets. On each side there are three large roses without foliage, in which are interlaced rings of velvet No. 2, which fall in circles on each side. Strings long.

Robe and pardessus of glace taffetas. The corsage, high behind, is open en cœur in front. It is trimmed with a festooned revers, which reunites at the lower part of the opening, and forms the point at the back of the corsage.



The jupe, full and long, is trimmed with seven plaits placed flat and festooned. The festoon is wide at the middle, and narrow at the ends. The pardessus is high behind, fits rather loosely at the waist, and is plain before at the neck, and so that it passes under the trimming of the corsage; it has three festooned plaits at the bottom; the pagoda sleeves have two. The under-sleeves are of light muslin, festooned and embroidered. The guimpe is closed behind, the neck being finished with a falling collar, alternating from top to bottom with a little bouillonné, and a lace volant.

FIGURE 2. *Toilette de Ville*.—Straw bonnet ornamented with three little designs alternating with bands *en crin*. The form is well rounded, and fully encloses the face. Under-trimming of rose taffetas. There is a whalebone at the edge, and two in the face: the taffetas is gathered, and at regular distances rings of black velvet No. 1 are mingled with the gathers of the taffetas.



FIG. 3.

DRESS TOILETTE FOR COUNTRY LIFE.

FIGURE 3. *Dress Toilette for Country Life*—The hair is in short bandeaux, very puffing and undulating, and without other ornament; two long spirals, or loose ringlets, fall on each side upon the shoulders.

The robe has a white ground, imprinted with a beautiful design of flowers and foliage in light green. The corsage is decolleté, and gathered at the waist; the sleeves are short and composed of three narrow festooned volants. The skirt is trimmed with three similar volants, but much wider. The collar and the bracelets are of narrow cerise velvets, fastened by little steel buckles, the ends hanging loose. The scarf with the hood is one of the great novel-

ties of the season. The fashion in which the lace is disposed is especially new and distingué. This scarf is of light green taffetas, and is cut straight: it is made to fit the shoulders by gathers at the edge. The neck alone is a little sloped. To give it grace, the front of the lappet is cut down a little, and the hinder edge is rounded. This pardessus very much resembles the ordinary scarf, except the cut of the contour and the gathers at the shoulders. To the scarf is joined the hood, which falling back forms a pelerine all round. The trimming consists of black lace, and of a ruche round the edge of the hood. This ruche is parted in the middle by a velvet No. 1 placed flat. This ornament forms the head for a trimming of wide black lace sewed on with gathering, but folded twice upon itself in form of flattened tubes. The lace of the hood falls below it a little more than half. A similar trimming is placed upon the exterior edge of the scarf. The lace is very wide, and so arranged that but about half of its width falls below the edge of the scarf.

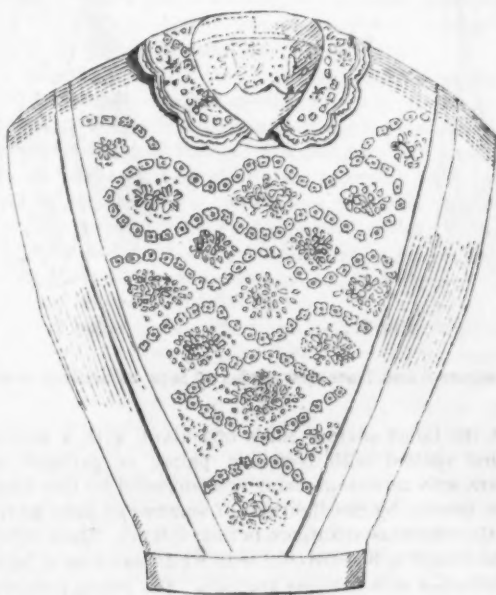


FIG. 4.

FIGURE 4 is a fichu of Paris application, closing behind.

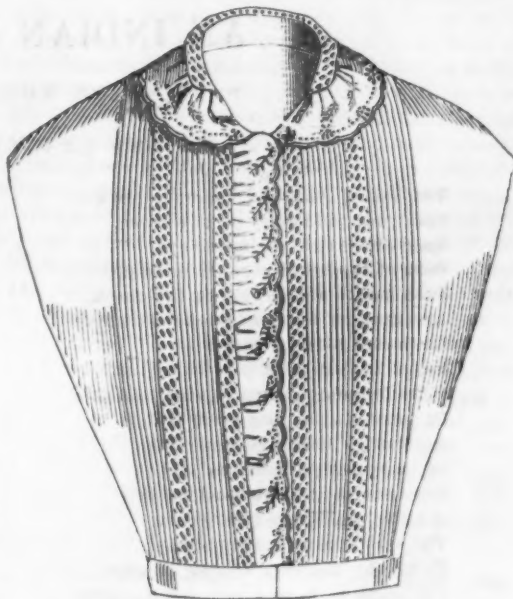


FIG. 5.

FIGURE 5 is a col-négligé, composed of small plaits with inserting and garniture of open work.



FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

FIGURES 6 and 7 are new styles of caps of printed muslin.

At the latest advices, robes of foulard, with a brown ground spotted with bouquets, palms, or garlands of flowers, were numerous, being recommended for this transition season, by the lightness of summer in their fabric and the soberness of autumn in their colours. These robes ought always to be enlivened with white canezous of jaconet trimmed with broidery anglaise. For young persons, robes are made of coutil or lawn, with corsage-veste sepa-

rate from the skirt, the sleeves being demi-long with white open under-sleeves bordered with broidery anglaise; bracelets of black velvet, closed with steel buckles. With this simple but attractive costume is worn a little collar of broidery anglaise, or by one of entirely new style, composed of nine rounded dents of double jaconet, having in the middle a light embroidery, and around each dent three narrow lacets of cotton attached to one another by a point de chausson, making three rows of meshes. The bonnet is of mixed straw, either violet and straw-coloured, black and straw-coloured, or gray varied by rose.

Efforts were made last summer to make slippers altogether the mode. This was attempted timidly enough at first, but at present it is made with much more boldness and success. We believe, nevertheless, that boots will not be abandoned entirely. Slippers are graceful, elegant, and coquettish, but boots are convenient. Many ladies have prepared boots of English leather for autumn promenades.

Some robes de chambre are now made without pardessus, part of plain cachmere and others of cachmere with flowers: they are all lined with silk. The corsage may be close or open at pleasure, because it has front linings of silk, lightly wadded, and so quilted that when they open, the corsage appears ornamented with two revers. The sleeves also have revers.

One of the most favoured bonnets of the many new styles noticed, is a capote of lilac satin, trimmed on the upper side with two volants of white blonde, with wide spaces between them. On each side is a tuft of fancy velvet, violet and lilac. The under part of the face is covered with blond placed straight at the edge, but gathered within. All elegant bonnets and capotes are ornamented with bunches of feathers on each side, or with a spotted marabout. A very graceful negligé bonnet noticed is of coloured straw, trimmed with four tresses of deep blue silk and black velvets. These tresses are placed upon the crown, and form a very pretty novelty. The face is lined with blue, and trimmed with narrow black lace at the interior edge.

In the matter of bouquets and garlands, the greatest novelty is the lace-foliage. This is one of the prettiest things imaginable, and gives to the ensemble of the flowers a lightness and richness well worthy of admiration.

## AN INDIAN SUMMER NOON

ON RHODE ISLAND.

BY THE REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS.

Yes, Isle of Peace!\* I know thee now,—  
Such grace and glory on thy brow,  
Such lustre in thy glowing eye,  
Born of the broad blue sea and sky,—  
Such health and beauty on thy cheek,  
And grace of form no tongue can speak!  
In richest robes of russet hue,  
Veiled in thin mists of softest blue,  
With lingering summer-green, and gold  
Of sunshine flung on every fold,—  
Amidst the Indian Summer haze  
Of these benign autumnal days,  
Thou standest, lovely and serene,  
A noble, maiden Indian Queen.  
The very soul of beauty seems  
To fill thy face with waking dreams.  
The smile of heaven, how soft and still  
It rests on field and wood and hill!  
Such noontide stillness far and near—

The silence whispers in my ear.  
I seem to see the gentle ghosts  
Of forms that long since roamed these coasts:  
The splash of paddles sounds once more,  
That died, years gone, along yon shore.  
'Tis now the season when the wild  
Yet tender heart of Nature's child,  
In yon far western halo saw,  
With yearning love and holy awe,  
The light of that unfading shore  
Where dwell the dead who die no more.  
Ah, heaven is nearer now, meseems,  
Than 'twas to them in autumn-dreams.  
Does not a Father's loving eye  
Look down on me from yon blue sky?  
In yon rich hues I trace his hand—  
His step is on this lovely land—  
Where'er I rest, where'er I roam,  
'Tis heaven on earth—my Father's home!

\* "Aquidneck," the old Indian name of Rhode Island, meant "Isle of Peace."



## EDITORIAL.



### BOOK NOTICES.

**ENGLISH GRAMMAR.** By William C. Fowler. Harpers. 675 pp., large 8vo. Having ourselves been "guilty of the sin of writing an English Grammar," as once publicly charged by our friend Dr. Elder, we can afford to say, without offence to the hundred and one authors that have attempted the same theme, that Professor Fowler's book is by far the most important and valuable work on English Grammar extant. Its size—nearly seven hundred pages large octavo—shows that it is not intended as a mere school-book, while the slightest examination of its contents will convince any one that it is not crude matter huddled together to make a big book. It is, on the contrary, an elaborate, scholarly and logical digest of the whole subject, incorporating into a systematic treatise the fruits of the recent contributions to English philology by all the great English, American, and continental writers on comparative grammar, as well as the results of the more direct investigations into the English and its parent Saxon. As an authoritative book of reference for the common school teacher, as a text-book for colleges and the higher seminaries of learning, as an indispensable part of the library of every professional gentleman, and indeed of every educated gentleman, whether professional or not, and finally, as a work of laborious research, creditable alike to American scholarship and letters, we hail its publication as forming an era in the history of English Grammar, of which it affords incomparably the fullest and most satisfactory exposition.

**GIBBON'S ROME.** Harpers. This edition of Gibbon is now complete in six volumes. The whole work, in a good library style, can be purchased for less than two dollars and a half. As this extraordinarily low price is the result of a special competition, which may at any time be brought to an end, now is the time for buyers. *For sale by Zieber.*

**POE'S WORKS.** Vol. III. *The Literati.* New York: J. S. Redfield. Some D'Israeli must bring out a new volume on "The Quarrels of Authors," and take the present publication as his text. Poe was himself in hot water all his life. By way of maintaining a proper analogy, this posthumous publication of his works is now setting all the literary world at loggerheads. The present ill-judged volume will necessarily breed heart-burning and quarrels. Between Mr. Poe's criticisms and those of his editor, there are few living American writers whose bile will not be stirred up. Such a many-sided fight we have not seen this many a day. *For sale by Zieber.*

**ARTHUR'S TEMPERANCE TALES.** *Illustrated Edition.* Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. The many thousands who have hung with delight over these beautiful tales in their original form, will hail with pleasure their appearance in the shape of a large and handsome octavo, with illustrations by Croome and Dallas, a mezzotint likeness of the author by Welch after a painting by Lambdin, and though last, not least, a straightforward, sensible biography by Arthur himself in his own proper person.

**A HUNTER'S LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.** R. Gordon Cumming. Two vols., 8vo. Harpers. To the lovers of sport, as well as to the lovers of science, these volumes are a perfect feast of good things. The early life of the author was one that engendered in him a settled passion for sporting adventure, in connection with the study of natural history. Having exhausted whatever of excitement the preserved game of England could afford, he sought to gratify his propensity among the rolling prairies and rocky mountains of the Far West. Finding even this becoming common-place and tame, he embarked for South Africa, and after reaching the frontiers of European footsteps among the Caffres, boldly left behind all traces of civilization, and penetrated, rifle in hand, into the very heart of Southern Africa, where for five years he played Nimrod among the giraffes, lions, elephants, and savages of that heretofore unexplored region. What he saw, he noted in his journal on the spot, while still fresh in his memory. His volumes purport to be an almost exact transcript of these field notes. They are certainly the freshest and most stirring descriptions of personal adventure that have lately appeared. *For sale by Zieber.*

**MENTAL HYGIENE.** By William Sweetser, M. D. Putnam. 390 pp., 8vo. It is difficult to overestimate the amount of the reciprocal influence of the mind and body upon each other. How often does it happen that a man is physicked out of the world, when he should have been treated for a "mind diseased." Doctors, of every pathy, study too exclusively the material organization of the subject on which they have to practise, forgetting apparently that there is no bodily function which mental action cannot disturb, and almost no symptom of bodily disease which disordered mental action cannot produce. Theologians and philosophers, on the other hand, in estimating cases of conscience, or in dealing with moral or intellectual reforms, too often forget that there is no mental process which may not be disturbed, facilitated, or suspended by the condition of the physical system. We all forget that man is neither wholly material nor wholly spiritual, but a compound of both, that we have a stomach as well as a conscience, and may be ill-natured from a defect in the gastric juice just as certainly—perhaps quite as often—as from badness of heart. Dr. Sweetser's book is an examination of the intellect and passions of man, designed to show how they affect, and are affected by, the bodily functions, and their influence on health and longevity. It is a work well worthy of an attentive perusal, and of the second edition which it has reached. *For sale by A. Hart.*

**AFTER-DINNER TABLE-TALK.** By Chitwood Evelyn. Putnam. 192 pp., 8vo. A capital selection of choice sayings from the choicest authors, neatly printed, and adorned with a portrait of Sydney Smith, from whose writings a large proportion of the gems have been gathered. *For sale by A. Hart.*

THE RECENT PROGRESS OF ASTRONOMY, ESPECIALLY IN THE UNITED STATES. *Elias Loomis. Harpers. 258 pp., 8vo.* None of the sciences, not even chemistry, seems to be making greater progress than that whose recent history Professor Loomis has undertaken to record, and few among the American contributors to this advancement have been more assiduous or more successful than the historian himself. Although, therefore, the work is entirely popular in its style, and free from technical terms, its statements may be considered as authentic; and it is but fitting that the American people should know, more generally than they now do, and from some one authorized to say, what American astronomers have been doing. We extract with pleasure the following notice of the *Observatory of the Philadelphia High School*.

"The erection of this Observatory formed an epoch in the history of American astronomy, in consequence of the introduction of a superior class of instruments to any which had been hitherto imported. It introduced the instruments of Munich fairly to the notice of the American public; and their superiority to the English telescopes was felt to be so decided, that almost every large instrument which has been since imported has been from the same makers. In the hands of Messrs. Walker and Kendall this Observatory became celebrated, not only in America, but also in Europe. It has furnished numerous observations of comets, especially the great comet of 1843, and also a long list of observed occultations and moon culminating stars."

COOPER'S WORKS. *The Deerslayer. Putnam. 597 pp., 8vo.* Criticism upon a work which has been before the public a quarter of a century is hardly expected, certainly not in the crowded columns of a monthly magazine. All that our readers will expect of us in such a case is to give them some information as to the character of the edition. On this point, those who have not seen the series may rest assured that it is in all respects admirable. Each novel makes a separate volume of convenient size for reading, and of suitable appearance and quality for the library. The edition is under the superintendence of the author, with new introductions and notes. It will, no doubt, be in future times the standard edition. *For sale by A. Hart.*

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE. *New York: Samuel Hueston.* Parts V. and VI. of this serial have been received.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. *Phillips & Sampson.* No. 24, received, contains Part III. of Henry VI., with a portrait of Lady Grey. *For sale by T. B. Peterson.*

MARGARET PERCIVAL IN AMERICA. *Phillips & Sampson.* This purports to be a religious novel, written to counteract some doctrinal errors supposed to be inculcated by the novel of "Margaret Percival" in England. We cannot answer for the whole book, not having read it. But for one single chapter, describing Miss Percival's appointment as a school-teacher, to which we opened by accident, we can say that it is very amusing, and true to the life. If the whole book is equal to this chapter, the purchaser will not regret the money, or the reader his time, spent upon "Margaret Percival in America."

MERCERSBURG REVIEW. The September number is occupied entirely with an article of great learning; by the Rev. Professor Nevin, on the Doctrine of the Reformed Church on the Lord's Supper.

CHAUVENET'S TRIGONOMETRY. Among the recent mathematical text-books we recollect none that combine more happily the simplicity necessary for an elementary text-book with the evidence and the results of profound mathematical reading.

HYACINTHE; *By Mrs. Gray. T. B. Peterson.* Price 25 cents, in paper covers.

THE LILY AND THE TOTEM. *By W. Gilmore Simms. Baker & Scribner.* This new work of Mr. Simms belongs legitimately to that valuable class of writings known as "the Romance of History." He has grouped together the romantic adventures of the Huguenots in Florida and of

the colonial enterprises generally of Coligny in North America, in the form of a very charming fiction, in which, however, he assures us, he has everywhere made historical truth the basis of his work, calling only upon his fancy to fill up the blanks in the historical narrative. The work is one for which his social and literary position among the Huguenot families of South Carolina have given him peculiar qualifications. There is no class of books which we should more promptly welcome than those which revive and perpetuate the events of our early colonial history.

THE LIGHT OF THE WEEK. *By John Younger. New York: Edward H. Fletcher.* This is one of that remarkable series of essays called forth two years ago in England by the offer of a series of prizes for the best essays on the "temporal advantages of the Sabbath to the labouring classes," to be written by labouring men. Mr. Younger, who obtained the second prize, is a common shoemaker, and composed his work over the lap-stone. The American edition contains a biographical sketch of the author.

THE MOURNER'S VISION. A POEM. *By I. L. Donnelly.* Mr. Donnelly, already partially known to the readers of this magazine by occasional short poems, has ventured at length upon the broad and troubled waters of authorship, having launched upon the great sea of literature, if not a full-sized man-of-war or a frigate, at least a very respectable craft, sufficient for coast navigation, and possibly, in these days of adventurous yachting, capable of a trip across the Atlantic. We wish him a prosperous voyage, and grant him from this quarter of the horizon a favourable breeze.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. *Leonard Scott & Co., New York.* The last number contains some articles of unusual ability, even for the Westminster. The article on "Classical Education" shows that the public mind in England as well as America is not at rest on this great subject. The wants of the age are not met by the existing institutions for higher education. This has been frankly acknowledged by Dr. Wayland in his report on the reorganization of Browne University. Dr. Nott, President of Union College, when addressing the late National Convention of the Friends of Education as its President, made substantially the same admission. The Westminster reviewer does not formally discuss the subject, or propose any definite plan of reform, but he deals the old system some very hard blows.

HOMŒOPATHY IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND. Dr. Neidhard, Professor of Clinical Medicine in the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania, has published, in a pamphlet of forty-five pages, the results of his observations on the new method of healing, during a visit to the two countries of Europe where it has chiefly obtained.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. *Leonard Scott & Co., New York.* The contents of the last number are Free Trade, Courtship in the time of James I., Ledru Rollin in England, A Family Feud, Burnet's Landscape-Painting in Oil, Political and Literary Biography, Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland, The Temple of Folly, African Sporting. *For sale by Zieber.*

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. *Harpers.* This work, so far from falling off in merit, is constantly becoming better. No. 6, now received, is the best yet. The fineness and beauty of the wood-cuts are worthy of all praise. *For sale by Zieber.*

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. *Leonard Scott & Co.'s Reprint.* The contents of the last number of this sterling review are unusually rich. The leading article is a general overhauling of the "Scottish Universities." How is it that nearly every great organ of public opinion, both in this country and Great Britain, is discussing the subject of education in the higher seminaries of learning? Is the conviction becoming general, that these institutions, as at present conducted, are a failure? Among other articles of interest in the "North British" are the following:—"Pendennis," "The English Language," "Wordsworth," "In Memoriam," "The Trial of Professor Webster," &c.



RUSCHENBERGER'S LEXICON OF NATURAL HISTORY. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. Dr. Ruschenberger performed a valuable service to science, as well as to popular education, when he prepared his series of popular manuals on Natural History. He has now added to the value of his previous works by the preparation of this lexicon of scientific terms, which puts into the hand of the student the key to them all. These works, which cannot be too well known among teachers and school-directors, are, 1. *Anatomy and Physiology*, 2. *Mammalogy*, 3. *Ornithology*, 4. *Herpetology and Ichthyology*, 5. *Conchology*, 6. *Entomology*, 7. *Botany*, 8. *Geology*. Each of these subjects is treated of, in an elementary way, in a small duodecimo volume, about the size of an ordinary English Grammar, and suited for instruction in common schools and academies. The Lexicon, now just issued, is a volume of about the same size as the others, and contains a popular explanation of the technical terms used in the others. It is at once a key to the whole series, and also a valuable manual to the general reader, giving in small compass all the most important items in the nomenclature of Natural History.

THE IRIS, *An Illuminated Annual for 1851*. Edited by John S. Hart. Philada.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. If we may not speak of the editorship of this beautiful book, we may, and we do, ask for it the kindly regards of our friends, in the profession and out of it,—reviewers and purchasers.

To all who may have seen the work, we feel that it will be unnecessary to say a word in its commendation. But as the edition is small, and as copies of it may not yet have reached the towns and villages of the interior, we would say to the many thousands of our friends, who are now reading this paragraph in their quiet family circle, if you want to enliven that domestic scene with something on which the eyes of all its members may luxuriate,—if, in your anticipations of Christmas, you want something peculiarly elegant and tasteful in its decorations, wherewith to gladden the heart of a relative, a friend, or a lover, you cannot be too early in securing a copy of this new Annual. It is a royal octavo volume of three hundred pages, with twelve embellishments of the most expensive kind. Four of these are Illuminations, each printed in no less than ten or eleven different colours. These, for general richness of effect, are altogether admirable. There is in them a degree of artistic skill in the grouping of the figures, a minute finish in the execution, a happy disposition and blending of the colours, and a pervading softness of tone, that give them at first view all the effect of fine oil paintings. The eight other embellishments are line engravings, executed in London in the highest style of the art, by Mote, Heath, Allen, and Brown. So beautiful a collection of really fine engravings is rarely to be met with, in a single volume. The exterior of this sumptuous book is such as might be expected from the well-known character of the publishers for producing every variety of elegance in the binding—art—we were about to say, business; but, in these days, book-binding is fast becoming, if it has not now become, one of the fine arts. The copy of the Iris before us is in a case of the finest papier mache, inlaid with pearl in the most exquisite shapes and colours, and looking more like a costly piece of jewelry than a book. This is one of many elegant styles of binding in which the work is prepared. Of the literary character of this princely Annual we have forbore to speak, for a reason already assigned. We ought, however, in justice to the publishers, to say that its contents are entirely original. Among the contributors are names well known in the republic of letters, such as Mr. Boker, Mr. Stoddard, Prof. Moffat, Edith May, Mrs. Sigourney, Caroline May, Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Pease, Mrs. Swift, Mr. Van Bibber, Rev. Charles T. Brooks, Mrs. Dorr, Erastus W. Ellsworth, Miss E. W. Barnes, Mrs. Williams, Mary Young, Dr. Gardette, Alice Carey, Phebe Carey, Augusta Browne, Hamilton Browne, Caroline Eustis, Margaret Junkin, Maria J. B. Browne, Miss Starr, Mrs. Brotherson, Kate Campbell, etc.

PENDENNIS, No. 6, contains the best things by far that Mr. Thackeray has yet written. The work rises into a higher region of thought and feeling than we had thought him capable of. Published by the Harpers, for sale by Zieber.

BYRNE'S DICTIONARY OF ENGINEERING. Appletons. No. 16 has been received from the publishers.

V. B. PALMER'S BUSINESS-MEN'S ALMANAC, besides being a very good Almanac, explains the whole art and mystery of advertising.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Boston Edition. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have issued Number XXIII. of their splendid edition of Shakespeare, containing the Second Part of Henry VI., and an engraving of Queen Margaret. For sale by T. B. Peterson.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE. Part V has been received from the Harpers. One more number will complete this valuable work. For sale by Zieber.

BLACKWOOD, for September, has been received with unusual promptness from the publishers, Leonard Scott & Co., through Zieber & Co., Philadelphia,—full of good things, as usual.

DOMESTIC HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo. The plan of Mrs. Ellet's book is shown, as that of every book should be, by its title. While the outline of the history of public events is kept up in her narrative, the filling up is with the events of private life, those events after all which give romance to history. These private incidents, thus dexterously interwoven with the immortal story, are not the coinage of fancy, the author assures us, but facts carefully ascertained. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

LIFE, HERE AND THERE. N. P. Willis. Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo. This very agreeable volume consists of sketches of life and adventure, all of them, the author assures us, having a foundation strictly historical, and to a great extent autobiographical. Such of these sketches as we have read are in Mr. Willis's happiest vein—a vein, by the way, in which he is unsurpassed. We know no writer equal to him in giving light, playful sketches of life and character.

HEALTH, DISEASE, AND REMEDY. By George Moore, M.D. The doctors are certainly coming down from the clouds rather more than formerly. Scarcely a month passes, but some physician of high professional standing condescends to discourse with the million on the healing art, in the language of common life. Dr. Moore, the author of the present duodecimo, a member of the Royal College of Physicians, has here discussed, in terms entirely within the reach of the unprofessional reader, and yet without any compromise either of truth or of the dignity of science, some of the most vital conditions of health and disease in the human organization. Harpers.

FASHIONS.—See the introductory paragraph.

JENNY LIND.—This wonderful woman seems to have quite crazed the heads of our eastern neighbours. How the contagion will operate when it reaches Philadelphia, we know not. We dare say, however, we shall come in for our share of the enchantment. At all events, we hold ourselves open to conviction. When the "Nightingale" comes to Philadelphia, we intend, Mr. Barnum willing, to hear her, and to give our readers the result of experience.

#### SOMETHING NEW.

We are authorized by the celebrated Swedish novelist, FREDRIKA BREMER, who has been spending the last twelve months in this country, to announce that she will commence the publication, in our January number, of an entirely new series of Tales from real life, written expressly for this Magazine, and entitled

#### LOVES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH,

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

These tales will probably form the most brilliant and graceful series of articles that have ever come from her pen.

Among the Engravings now completed, or in process of completion for this Magazine, we may enumerate the following. It is the only way in which we can convey to the reader an idea of the extent and completeness of our arrangements.

1. Lady Jane Grey refusing the Crown.
2. Preparing Moses for the Fair.
3. The Wedding Breakfast.
4. Death of Lord Chatham.
5. Betrothed Lovers proceeding to Church.
6. Flowers of Life.
7. Faust perceiving Margaret.
8. Henry V. trying on the Crown.
9. The Emigrant.
10. The Deserter.
11. Rembrandt painting his mother's portrait.
12. Delares, the French discoverer of Steam, in the prison of the Bicêtre.
13. First Love.
14. Gutenberg showing his first impression of the Bible from movable types to his daughter.
15. St. Cecelia.
16. Time clipping the wings of Love.
17. The last interview between Napoleon Bonaparte and his Nephew, the present President of the French Republic.
18. The Favourites.
19. May-day.
20. The Tiff.
21. The Lesson.
22. The Death of Dentatus.
23. Flowers of Life.
24. Going to the Chase.
25. Crossing the Brook.
26. Village Merry-making.
27. The Skirt of the Forest.
28. The Wise Men offering gifts to the Infant Jesus.
29. John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness.
30. Christ calling James and John.
31. The Sermon on the Mount.
32. Giving Alms in Secret.
33. Conclusion of the Sermon on the Mount.
34. The House built upon a Rock.
35. Christ cleansing the Leper.
36. Christ curing one sick of the Palsy.
37. Christ sending out the Apostles.
38. The Disciples of John coming to inquire concerning Christ.
39. Christ praising his Father's wisdom in revealing the Gospel to the Simple.
40. Christ healing the man possessed with a Blind and Dumb Spirit.
41. Christ showing who is his Brother, Sister, and Mother.
42. Christ explaining the Parable of the Tares to his Disciples.
43. Christ healing the Daughter of the Woman of Canaan.
44. Christ feeding the four thousand.
45. Christ giving the Keys of Heaven to Peter.
46. The Transfiguration.
47. Christ exhorting his Disciples to be humble and harmless.
48. The Unmerciful Servant.
49. Christ Blessing Little Children.
50. Christ refusing the Request of the Mother of Zebedee's Children.
51. Christ putting to silence the Priests and Elders.
52. Christ answering the Pharisees in regard to the Tribute-Money.
53. Christ foretelling the destruction of the Temple.
54. The Eagles gathered to the Carcass.
55. The Ten Virgins.
56. The Final Judgment.
57. Jesus taken in the Garden.
58. Peter denying his Master.
59. Christ mocked, and crowned with Thorns.
60. The Crucifixion.
61. Christ laid in the Tomb.
62. The Angel proclaiming the Resurrection of Christ.
63. Christ cleansing the Leper.
64. The Resurrection.
65. Christ teaching by the Sea-side.
66. Christ restoreth the Daughter of Jairus to Life.
67. The People astonished at the teaching of Jesus.
68. Christ teaching the People—reproving the Pharisees.
69. Christ curing a Blind Man.
70. Christ casting forth a Dumb and Deaf Spirit.
71. Christ disputing with the Pharisees.
72. Christ answering the Question of the Scribe.
73. The Widow casting her Mite into the Treasury.
74. Precious Ointment poured on Christ's Head.
75. Christ betrayed with a Kiss.
76. The body of Christ prepared for Burial.
77. The Annunciation.
78. The Shepherds worshipping the Babe in the Manger.
79. Christ baptized by John.
80. Christ curing one possessed of the Devil.
81. The Disciples plucking the Ears of Corn.
82. The Blind Leading the Blind.
83. Christ raising the Son of the Widow of Nain.
84. Mary Magdalene anointing Christ's Feet.
85. Christ feeding the five thousand.
86. Christ healing the Lunatic.
87. Christ thanking his Father for his Grace.
88. Christ Dining with the Pharisee.
89. The Lesson of the Lilies of the Field.
90. The Shut Door.
91. The Return of the Prodigal Son.
92. Christ teaching his Disciples while at Meat.
93. The Servants giving an account of the use of the Talents.
94. The Husbandmen maltreating their Master's Servants.
95. The Last Supper.
96. Peter denying his knowledge of Christ.
97. Christ revealing himself to the Disciples at Emmaus.
98. The Visit of Nicodemus to Christ.
99. Christ talking with the Woman of Samaria.
100. Christ preaching on the Mount.
101. Jesus walking by the Sea of Galilee.
102. The Pool of Siloam.
103. The man who was born blind and restored to sight, questioned by the Pharisees.
104. Jesus in Solomon's Porch of the Temple.
105. Christ foretelling his death.
106. Jesus washing the Disciples' feet.
107. Christ comforting his Disciples with the hope of heaven.
108. Christ comparing himself to a vine.

The above comprises only a part of our list of plates, especially those of a miscellaneous character. The Scriptural subjects have all been named, and we wish it impressed upon the mind of the reader that *the whole will be given during 1851, without at all interfering with our usual variety.*



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## A black and white illustration of a woman in a long dress sitting on a rug, reading a book. A man in a suit stands behind her, and another man in a suit stands to the right. The scene is set in a room with a fireplace and a window. The woman is looking down at the book, and the man behind her is looking at her. The man to the right is looking towards the woman. The room has a fireplace on the left and a window on the right. The floor is made of wood. The woman's dress is long and flowing. The man's suit is dark and formal. The rug is large and patterned. The book is open and held in the woman's hands. The overall style is that of a classic illustration, possibly from a book or a magazine.

BY J. C. HARRIS

100







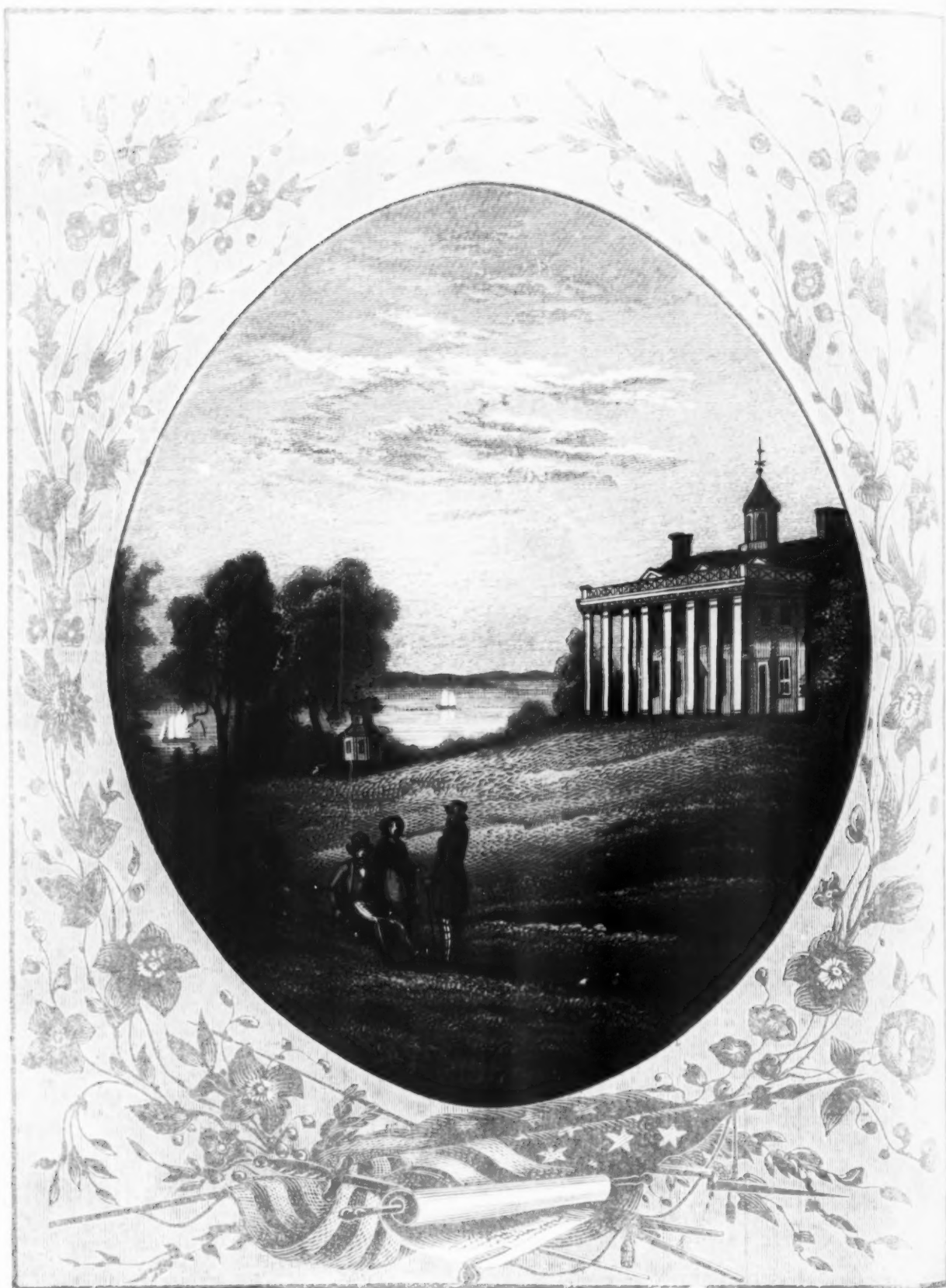


R. Buckner.

W. H. Mote.



Sartain's Magazine.



Derocour, Del. et Sc.

Wogan & Thompson, Print.

MOUNT VERNON.









ENGRAVED BY JOHNSON.

THE ORIGINAL BY C. VAN LEE.





WINTER.



# My Lute, it has but One Sweet Song.

## BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

ANDANTE.



*Cres:*



My lute, it has but

*8va.*

*loco*



one sweet song, And that is love, dear love, No o - ther sounds will

# MY LUTE, IT HAS BUT ONE SWEET SONG.

e'er be - long To its sweet voice, but love. From morn's first ray to

set of day, Where - e'er I chance to rove, . . . Its cords will sigh no

*Rall:* *Tempo.*

me - lo - dy, But love, dear love!

## SECOND VERSE.

Sometimes 'tis sad, sometimes 'tis glad,  
 As tears or smiles may prove;  
 Sometimes it tells of last farewells,  
 But always still of love!  
 To change its theme from passion's dream,  
 I would, but 'twill not rove,  
 Nor cease to sigh the melody  
 Of love, dear love!

## THIRD VERSE.

Of knights and chivalry I tried  
 To sing in lofty strain;  
 But glory in faint echoes died,  
 And love's song waked again!  
 My heroes were the young, the fair;  
 My field a bower or grove,  
 My battle's noise, the low sweet voice  
 Of love, dear love!



CHRISTOPHER NORTH.